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PRICE FIVE CENTS

SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE

Some Pointed Comments by a Great Daily.

OPPOSED TO CIVIL UNIONS.

The Mayors of New York City Object to Become Official Ministers.

Mr. Ely Smith Jr., in speaking of the many civil marriages performed by him while he was Mayor, referred to the indisposition of Mayor Grant and Mayor Gilroy to officiate at such ceremonies, and explained it by saying that as Roman Catholics "they take a higher view of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage than Protestants do." Mayor Ely himself is a Presbyterian of the old school.

This is a consideration which ought, perhaps, to receive some attention in the discussion which is now proceeding as to the marriage of Catholic girls. Marriage by the law and faith of the Roman Catholic Church is a sacrament, indissoluble except by death. Rome allows no divorce and it recognizes none, whatever may be the law of the State. Marriage, accordingly, is a more serious matter with a Catholic than with a Protestant. For the other it is a contract from which there is no escape under the laws of the State governing it.

Undoubtedly some of the Protestant churches refuse to recognize in their own law any other cause for divorce save adultery, but practically all of them tolerate divorce for any cause and all causes allowed in any State. A Divorce Reform League, made up of Protestants, has been in existence in this country for many years, for the purpose of inducing the States generally to make adultery the sole cause of divorce, but meanwhile the members of the churches represented in that association are obtaining divorces for other and many different causes, and are marrying again without suffering ecclesiastical punishment or the social disapproval of their fellow-members. So far from creating a sentiment against freer divorce, such divorce has become more frequent and less reprobated than before the organization of this reform movement.

The circle of society in New York which is made up of people of fashion more peculiarly consists in chief part of members of the Episcopal Church, the Protestant Church which is most exacting in its canonical requirement that no divorce shall be treated as ecclesiastically valid which is obtained for any other cause than conjugal infidelity. Under that law persons who marry again after having been divorced for any cause are adulterers; their union is sinful; they live in concubinage, but not in holy matrimony. Such marriages of divorced people not only occur, however, but are frequent in that society. Moreover, they are sanctioned and solemnized by Protestant ministers of other churches than the Episcopal.

The society of which we have spoken does not debar those who enter into them, but grants its continued favor to people whom its church denounces by its law as living in adultery. Neither have we heard of any instance where the church itself has visited upon them any penalties. Practically, it recognizes as sufficient any marriage which will stand the test of the civil law. The society does not assume to interfere with its members in their divorces and marriages so long as they keep within the legal bounds. If a mated pair find that their temperaments are incompatible, and that they can not live

together without unhappiness and bickering, they are not reprobated because they go East or go West to get a divorce, and, having obtained it, proceed to wed other mates with whom they think they will be more congenial. They cast off old wives and husbands, and are welcomed back to society with new wives and husbands.

Of course, when people make up their minds to be married they are not to be influenced by the possibility of their getting divorced, but when they see such toleration of divorce all around them, among those whose opinion is of the most consequence to them socially, they are not likely to be impressed by the feeling that marriage has any other sanctity than the love of the pair imparts to it. Their sentiment regarding it is romantic rather than religious. They get the sanction of the Church for it as a conventional matter, not as an essential requisite, and hence if the marriage prove a disappointment to them, they pay heed to their inclinations rather than render obedience to the Church in deciding the question of a divorce.

With a Roman Catholic the ceremony is not a merely perfunctory concession to a custom of society, but an obligatory religious sacrament. The sentimentalists might not admit that this is "a higher view of the sanctity of marriage," as Mayor Ely says, for they might reply that love alone gives marriage its highest sanctity, but that undoubtedly is not the religious view, though it seems to prevail among people of religious association.—New York Sun.

THE COLORED HARVEST.

The Work of Conversion Among the Negroes.

The Colored Harvest, which has just been issued for 1894, is a beautifully illustrated sixteen page paper, filled with interesting matter, and is published for the benefit of St. Joseph's Seminary for the Negro Missions, and its feeder, the Epiphany Apostolic College.

The paper gives us a clear idea of what the Catholic church is doing and what it hopes to do for the Negro race, and when we remember how great a charity it is to help on such an apostolic work as the evangelization of our colored brethren and the number of spiritual benefits shared in by all subscribers, the twenty-five cents a year asked for it will seem trifling indeed.

All are requested to send for a sample copy of the Colored Harvest. Every subscriber is entitled to a blessed medal of St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart. Zelators are those who obtain twenty subscribers. A special Mass is offered up for their intention on the first Friday of every month, and a very large picture of the Sacred Heart is given them. One hundred Masses will be said for them at Paray-de-Monial, France. For a sample copy address Rev. J. R. Slattery, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

A number of influential Scottish Catholics have, says the Roman correspondent of the Daily Chronicle, petitioned the Pope to nominate a Cardinal amongst the prelates of the Hierarchy of Scotland. Dr. Angus Macdonald, the Catholic Archbishop of Edinburg, has declined to allow his name to be put forward, on the ground that precedence of seniority and dignity should be given to Archbishop Eyr of Glasgow.

Three Catholic Patriarchs of the Eastern rite will go to Rome to lay before the Holy See the views of the dissident churches of the East concerning their contemplated reunion with the Church of Rome.

SAINT ANTONY'S BREAD.

History of a Notable French Society.

GIVES FOOD TO THE POOR.

It is Proposed to Introduce a Branch into the United States.

One morning in November, in the year 1892, Mlle. Bouffier, a storekeeper of Toulon, found it impossible to open her shop door. The safety lock seemed broken, and she called in a locksmith. After trying all the keys on his ring, he gave up in despair, saying there was no resource but to break open the door. While the locksmith went in search of other tools, the shop-keeper prayed fervently to St. Antony, that the door might be opened without violence; promising, if her request should be granted, to distribute a certain number of loaves to the poor in his honor. She then begged the locksmith to make another effort with his keys; and taking one at random, the door flew open without the slightest difficulty.

After this simple evidence of St. Antony's power, his clients increased so rapidly in Toulon that Mlle. Bouffier, with the assistance of her friends, founded a work of charity called the "Bread of St. Antony." In a narrow room behind the shop they placed a statue of the saint with a lamp burning before it, and under the lamp two boxes—one to receive the written requests and promises made to St. Antony, and the other to receive money to buy bread for the poor.

From the beginning large crowds flocked to this humble oratory. Soldiers and officers knelt to pray; and naval captains, before setting out for a long cruise came to recommend themselves and their ships. Mothers came to beg health for their children or other favors for grown sons and daughters. Many came to implore the conversion of a soul dear to them, while servants and workwomen without employment came to beg the saint's protection.

One of the latest pilgrims to St. Antony's oratory relates that she witnessed the gratitude of a poor woman, who had promised a liberal gift of bread if her little son, who was a cripple, was cured within a week. The very next day the child recovered the use of his limbs.

As soon as the efficacy of appeals to St. Anthony, under the condition of alms to be turned into bread for the poor, became generally known, Mlle. Bouffier made out a list of charitable institutions, including, of course, the establishments of the Little Sisters of the Poor. When the offerings were sufficient to enable her to do so, she wrote to each community to name a day when it would be glad to receive an ovenful of white bread for its orphans or poor pensioners.

At the appointed time the baker now carries a hundred pounds of the best wheaten bread to these poor persons. When the children perceive the tables covered with white bread, they clap their hands and hurrah for St. Anthony, their benefactor. Rumors of the wonders wrought by St. Antony at Toulon reached Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles and other large towns, and many chapels in these cities very soon contained the two boxes for the offerings.

The simple and unpretending foundress of "St. Anthony's Bread" at Toulon has now a wide correspondence to answer; for the fame of the charity has spread throughout all the land. Last August she received a very singular appeal from the well-known Capuchin,

Father Marie Antoine, who asked her to send a thousand francs without delay to the Patriarch of the Armenian Catholics of Constantinople, that city having been recently destroyed and the people rendered homeless by a fearful earthquake. Poor Mlle. Bouffier felt that this request was rather unreasonable. The misery caused by the earthquake demanded every possible sacrifice, no doubt; but where was the required sum to be found? Money never remains long in the alms box at Toulon; and although thirty-two thousand three hundred and fifty-four francs have passed through her hands since the beginning of the year until the 31st of July, she was very much puzzled to know where she should obtain the desired sum. But at two o'clock of the afternoon of the same day Mlle. Bouffier received a registered letter from Paris; it was anonymous, and contained a note for one thousand francs. It appeared like an intervention of Providence in favor of Mgr. Azarian's distressed flock; so Mlle. Bouffier sent the money to the Armenian patriarch by the night's mail.

Quite recently seventeen thousand francs were stolen from the cashier in a great French mercantile house. The poor man was almost in despair. He knew that he would be accused of appropriating the money, and that he would lose at once his reputation and his position. On describing this sad misfortune to his wife, they both promised a generous sum to St. Antony to buy bread for his poor. The clerk's astonishment and delight may be imagined when he arrived at his office the next morning and found the exact sum lying on his desk.

Unfortunately, some of the promises made to St. Antony have not been kept, although the grace petitioned for was granted. A person well-known to the writer promised two hundred pounds of bread for the poor if the life of a dear friend was spared. The boon of health was immediately granted, but the promise was not kept. One month later the subject of the prayer died suddenly and unexpectedly.

In view of these evidences of St. Antony's solicitude for the ordinary wants of his clients—evidences which every Catholic can easily multiply from his own experience—one is prompted to repeat with renewed fervor that beautiful hymn of St. Bonaventure in which he condenses all the miracles to be obtained through the intercession of the great Saint of Padua. We have already suggested that the introduction of St. Antony's Bread into the United States would be an appropriate method of celebrating the seventh centenary of the saint. Christian charities such as this will do much to lessen the social disorders which only the practice of Christian virtue can ultimately suppress.—Ave Maria.

Invited to the Catholic University.

Prof. William C. Robinson, of the Yale law school, has been asked by the faculty of the Catholic university of Washington, to assume charge of the law department which is to be established there. Prof. Robinson is at Laconia, N. H., and his decision in the matter will not be known for several days.

An appeal for aid has been received from Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Mission, in charge of the Indian Industrial school at Morris, Minn. The Mother Superior says that the sisters sustained great loss by a hail storm, July 30, and that unless help comes from the outside it must be a hard winter for the orphans dependent upon them.

Contributions will be received at this office.

WOMAN'S GOOD INFLUENCE.

Should Only be Exerted Indirectly in Politics.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON.

His Eminence Hopes the Day of Female Suffrage will never come. Her True Mission.

mand Athens. Athens rules the world and my wife commands me; therefore she rules the world.'

"So nowadays you men control the United States, and your wives control you, rule this country. The mother is the living oracle to her child. In after years the words spoken by our mothers through life exercise over us a blessed influence.

"The woman is the best teacher, because God has so ordained. She exercises more influence than any other person. She is an oracle to her child. The greatest men in Church or State were blessed with pious mothers, to whose instructions they owed all that they were. I might name a long catalogue. St. Louis of France spoke of his sublime mother as an angel. Chief Justice Taney was accustomed to speak of his mother and the influence of her early instructions on his life. John Randolph, of Roanoke, tells us that but for his mother's influence he would have become an infidel and an atheist.

"Let us beg of you to fulfill that mission which God has assigned to you. When husband and son come home let them find there a place of rest. Do not pour out the bitter gall of sharp words, but the oil of consolation. Be angels of charity and guard the sanctity of your homes and keep the fires of conjugal love burning".

ARCHBISHOPS CONFER.

The Annual Conference Held in Philadelphia.

The annual conference of the Archbishops of the country was held on Wednesday of last week at the archiepiscopal residence, Logan Square. Archbishops Gross, of Oregon; Janssens, of New Orleans; Katzer, of Milwaukee, and Riordan, of San Francisco, were unable to attend.

Those attending were as follows: Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati; Archbishop Chappelle, of Santa Fe; Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque; Archbishop Kain, and Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, representing Archbishop Janssens.

On Tuesday the Board of Indian and Negro Missions met to apportion the annual collection for this purpose. In the evening the visiting prelates and Archbishop Ryan were entertained at dinner by Cockcroft Thomas at his residence.

Archbishop Ryan, with the consent of the chairman of the meeting of the archbishops, Cardinal Gibbons, stated to representatives of the press that there are two branches of the A. O. H. The first is known as the Ancient Order of the Hibernians of America and the second as the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the Board of Erin.

While the assembled Archbishops took no notice in regard to the latter, they spoke in favorable terms of the former, which includes the great bulk of the order in the United States, and of which the Bishop of Detroit is the national spiritual director.

This action of the prelates was very gratifying to the officers and members of the organization, and State President P. O'Neill during the afternoon, in conjunction with Phillip M. Dillard, the county president of Philadelphia, took steps to convene in special session some evening of next week the County Board, composed of the officers of all of the fifty-eight divisions in the city, that some proper recognition of the action of the prelates may be adopted.

On one of the evenings during their stay the visiting prelates were entertained at a banquet at Philadelphia's leading hotel.

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

SCORED THE EXAMINER.

Joseph P. Kelly on that paper's Curious Course.

Mr. Kelly is the democratic nominee for Congress in the fifth district, embracing a portion of this city and county, San Mateo and Santa Clara counties. He has been made the subject of much unjust newspaper notoriety, but that he is able to give back as good as he received is evidenced by the following extract from a speech delivered in this city on Thursday night. Mr. Kelly opened his address, which was delivered in forcible and telling style, by expressing the wish that no other candidate of the democratic party will ever be placed in the same position he is occupying through the unwarranted acts of one of the party's committees. Continuing, the speaker said:

"This unpleasant condition of affairs has been brought about by the cowardly, dastardly and lying attacks made upon me by a newspaper supposed to represent the democratic party. The nomination for Congressman was tendered to me by acclamation and without any solicitation upon my part. I hesitated about accepting it, and it was only when urged by friends that I did so.

"At that time not a word had been said against me, and none could be, or my character was spotless, just as it is to-day. Nothing was said until the Examiner, for reasons best known to itself, attacked me, making charges of the most serious nature. Fortunately the Grand Jury was in session, and, as you well know, I at once addressed a communication to the jury, asking them to give the charges the most thorough investigation. The jury did so. I appeared before them and gave them all the information I possessed. The jury was fully satisfied of my innocence. The Democratic Congressional Committee, however, never gave me any such opportunity.

"Notwithstanding that I had proved to the jury my entire innocence, the Examiner kept up its abuse, and finally prevailed upon the Congressional Committee to meet and adopt resolutions with a view of taking me off the ticket and nominating Mr. Denman. The committee had no such power, and I am glad to say that during my canvass I have learned that their action has not met with the approval of the Democratic voters. To show how inconsistent the committee is, I will state that on the 10th inst. they invited me to participate in one of their mass meetings.

"What has all this trouble come from? From a sheet that is known for its sycrality and unreliability. The Examiner is consistent in one particular, however. When it comes to lies, it lies for all the time. It started in to blacken my name and character and has kept it up in the most cowardly and lying manner. Just why it has made this fight is not clear. Perhaps it is because one of its editors was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress, and was badly defeated, or because it does not like the Kellys, Murphys, Stantons and others of like names."

The speaker talked on the railroad question, the tariff, the silver question, and in favor of a national board of arbitration to settle all differences between employers and employees. He was frequently interrupted by applause and was apparently a great favorite with those present.

Alameda Politics.

Much interest is being manifested all through Alameda county over the supervisorial contest in the second district. For the past few years a man named Stone has had control of all the road repair work in that district, receiving as high as 20,000 dollars in a year for the labor of himself and teams. Farmers and others who have teams lying idle during this season of the year, would like a chance to use them on road work, but are debarred under the present system. C. A. Brown, the Democratic nominee, an old resident of Alameda City, has given this matter much study, and proposes if elected to do away with the one man road building system. In other respects Mr. Brown possesses splendid qualifications for the office to which he aspires.

Judge M. L. Rawson, of San Leandro, the Democratic nominee for the assembly from the 47th district, is one of the strongest men who could have been presented to the people for that office. He has been identified with Alameda county in prominent positions for years, and is liberal and broad-minded in all his dealings. He is highly esteemed by all who know him, and will make an excellent assemblyman.

As a running mate for Mr. Rawson, Hugh J. O'Neil, of Haywards, has

been nominated for the Senate from the 28th district. In the town where he resides, and in fact all through his district, there is no more popular man than Mr. O'Neil. Young, energetic and vigorous, with a well trained mind, Mr. O'Neil would make a senator of whom the district would be proud.

Popular Joe Herrscher, of San Leandro, is the Republican candidate for treasurer. Joe's name is a synonym for honesty, and his election would be a graceful compliment to the Jewish residents of Alameda county.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparalleled Premium Offer.

We have received numerous letters during the past week in reference to our premium offer, and for the benefit of subscribers who desire to take advantage of its terms reiterate it this week.

For those who send us \$4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait, entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for \$1.50 and 10 cents, to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size, 2 1/4 x 4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is \$1.50, so you practically get the paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will on receipt of \$1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose \$1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

THE USE OF ANTITOXINE.

Statistics Showing the Power of the Recently Discovered Remedy for Diphtheria.

In the first report given to the public by the board of health in this city concerning the use of the so called antitoxine for the prevention or cure of diphtheria it was stated by Dr. Biggs that the record of 250 cases showed that when the injections were made on the first day of the appearance of the disease the recoveries were 100 per cent, and that 97 per cent of those treated on the second day recovered. There are now accessible more detailed statistics concerning the use of this remedy in certain European hospitals.

For the three years immediately preceding the application of antitoxine in the Emperor and Empress Frederick's Children's hospital at Berlin, 1,081 cases of diphtheria were treated, and the mortality was 40 per cent. After the middle of last March 128 cases were treated by the application of the new remedy, and the mortality fell to 13 per cent. It should be borne in mind that all these were cases in which the disease had become established before the injections were made. The physicians in charge of the hospital also inoculated 72 children who had been exposed to the disease, and only eight of these afterward had diphtheria, the disease appearing in a mild form.

While such statistics may not be conclusive, they do indicate that a very valuable agent for the treatment of this disease has been discovered. It should not be forgotten that no one claims that the injections will prevent a fatal result when they are made after the disease has become well developed. The serum of the blood of the immune animal contains a substance hostile to the diphtheritic poison, and it is believed that this substance, when introduced into the system by subcutaneous injection, will overcome and neutralize the diphtheritic poison if the injections are made at a sufficiently early date—that is to say, when the antitoxine is thus applied to persons who have been exposed to the symptoms of the disease.

It is believed to be an effective safeguard, for the poison in such cases can easily be overcome. This belief is supported by the statistics thus far available. And if the inoculation is made immediately after the appearance of the disease it is almost as effective. But after the disease has become well developed and firmly seated the antitoxine may be powerful enough to retard the suffering of the patient, although it may not prevent a fatal issue.

—New York Journal.

HIS FINGER FOR A NEW NOSE.

The Remarkable Operation of a London Surgeon on a Noseless Man.

The achievements of American surgeons in bold and extraordinary operations have long been the wonder of the world, but now from the other side of the Atlantic comes a story which shows that the old country is waking up a bit in the art of engraving living human flesh. A young man has put his finger to his nose, and it remains there permanently.

A few months ago a youth, whose nasal organ was missing as the result of an accident, called at Charing Cross hospital, London, with the request that the surgeons would supply the deficiency, artificially or otherwise. He expressed himself as willing to undergo any sort of treatment by which his disfigured face might be made fairly presentable and not absolutely repulsive to his best Sunday summer girl. Mr. Bloxam, the senior surgeon, took the interesting case in hand.

First the amputated finger of another patient was carved and fashioned to the semblance of a nose and then securely grafted on the face. But it was found that this mutilated digital appendage had not survived its cutting up. It was "dead" and failed to take fresh root.

The noseless man, nothing daunted, thereupon agreed to the surgeon's suggestion that one of his own (the patient's) fingers should be cut off to furnish a nasal organ, but in order that the finger should not be wasted in the event of this operation being unsuccessful it was only half amputated. The patient's arm being incased in plaster, for four weeks he held his own live finger to his face in the hope of its taking root. This it did. The portion which was still attached to his hand was then cut through and soon joined the rest in adhering firmly to the face. Although minus a finger, the young man now has a new nose of his own flesh and blood.

The transferred cartilage has been so manipulated by clever Dr. Bloxam that its original identity is entirely lost, and the further process of shaping it is now being proceeded with. —New York World.

LOVE AND CASTE.

A Match Broken Off Because Money and Rank Run Afoul of Each Other.

The last London season is said to have been almost the worst on record for matchmaking. The number of engagements publicly announced is surprisingly small, and one of the most interesting, that of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, M. P., eldest son of the Earl of Lancaster, to Miss Muriel Wilson, the youngest daughter of Arthur Wilson of Tranby Croft, has been broken off for reasons unknown to the public at large. The lady's parents were the Prince of Wales' hosts at the time of the dreadful baccarat scandal. They are enormously wealthy, and their daughter is pretty and amiable, so that polite society is much worried as to the cause of the quarrel which has led to such a disastrous result. The fault is believed to rest mainly with the parents. Arthur Wilson, though a plebeian by birth and a shipowner by trade, thinks himself as good as any earl living, and he is entitled to that faith in his social standing, seeing that he has hobnobbed with princes on more than one occasion.

On the other hand, the Earl of Lancaster is not an ordinary peer. He holds the exalted post of lord great chamberlain and is the head of one of the most ancient families in this country, with a fine old fashioned contempt for upstart bourgeoisie. But polite society asks, If he didn't like the family into which his son proposed to marry, why did he consent to the match? The parties concerned invited controversy over what would ordinarily be a purely private matter by the ostentatious manner in which engagement and rupture alike have been announced. —New York Sun's London Letter.

Red Lake Reservation.

There is considerable alarm among intending settlers in this part of the country lest the 20 townships of the Red Lake reservation upon which final reports have been made by the government estimators shall not be thrown open to entry this fall. Hundreds of men have been quietly exploring the land, and many of them have selected claims for location and only await the opening to make settlement and put up their houses. Some hesitation is said to be felt at Washington about issuing the order for opening before spring, but it is thought, would convince the department that the fall of the year is the best time for such opening. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

As I plied the brush my eyes naturally fell on this mirror, which reflected the room behind me, and as I continued to look I saw evolving itself apparently from empty air the figure of a man. He was well dressed, even stylishly, and was after a fashion handsome, but deathly pale, and his eyes glittered feverishly.

"He crept nearer and nearer to me, seeming to look only at the diamonds loosely strewn upon the marble before me, but his right hand was thrust into his breast, and as he stood over me he suddenly jerked it out and raised high above me a small Spanish dagger, the hilt of which was of a dead gold, or Etruscan gold, as it is called. This was set with rubies, which I noticed with that peculiar attention to trifles so often displayed in moments of danger. Up to this point I had been too terrified to call out or even to move, not even turning my head to look around me, but watching the movements of the assassin as they were reflected in the mirror. But as he brought down his hand with a swift, murderous motion to strike me from my chair with a single blow the spell that had held me snapped, and I sprang to my feet with a shriek of terror and rushed to the door.

"Even as I ran I wondered at not encountering the man, but though I could

THE PIN OAK SCHOOL

The Remarkable Operation of a London Surgeon on a Noseless Man.

That's a little bit uv a schoolhouse.

"At I kain't somehow forgot

"Way down below on the Pickayune,

"I wisht we'd staid thar yit.

"Twas set on a slantin' hillside,

"On the rocks in the gray sands.

"Thar warn't no sawt uv a do'ste,

"So they pulled us up by the hands.

Jesus pulled up the little shavers,

"Then as hed come ter school,

"O I low hit's strange—uv the fo'ty-seven

"O I low hit's strange—uv the fo'ty-seven

The master was a lord or a earl,

"Th' a head above any man's—

Mebbe it's a joke, "I he warn't no count—

"Me he pulled us up by the hands.

Twas him 'at opened the do' uv sense.

"Er sawt uv see it ajar,

"N we made friends 'ith a hev up things.

From a nation to er star.

On ekal farms 'ith a katydid

"As 'ith O'Ryan's bands.

Down at the little Pin Oak school,

"Whur they pulled us up by the hands.

Sence them old days we'studied some—

Man, plants 'n animals,

Been round the universties.

"N kind uv g'arding schools.

Sailed clair acrost the continents

"N inter furrin lands.

"But 'e beats em all down the Pickayune,

"Whur they pulled 'em up by the hands.

—Agnes E. Mitchell in Chicago Record.

not remember afterward seeing him all I did not stay, but unlocking the door flung it open, still screaming as fast as the sounds could issue from my lips. It happened that two of my young men cousins had lingered later than the rest of the family at the entertainment referred to, and having just come in were coming up the main staircase close to my room. Rushing to these, I threw myself into the arms of the nearest, Christopher, shrieking, "The man, the man!"

"The two young men hurried to my room and looked about, but could see no one. The windows were all fastened, and as I had myself just come out of the single door to the apartment, and from which no one else could have slipped without our seeing him, the only chance was for the burglar to have concealed himself in the room.

"By this time the rest of the household was aroused, and not only my room, but the entire place, was thoroughly searched. The three windows of the room were provided with heavy old fashioned shutters, two of them opening on the street, an unbroken descent of over 40 feet, while the other had not been unclosed for years, for it looked almost into one in the next house, which was also seen to be tightly secured. The house itself was occupied by a respectable family in straitened circumstances. It therefore seemed an impossibility for a man to have entered the room unseen by me and to have made his escape in the few seconds it took my cousins to reach the spot where I had seen him. So it was thought that I had fallen asleep in my chair, and my vision had been the result of my late supper of minced chicken and champagne, and though I was still shivering from my fright I allowed myself to be almost persuaded that this was the real truth.

"In my youth we never heard of this

thing you call mental telegraph, theosophy and the like, but every now and then there took place, as now, occurrences which puzzled the thoughtful, though they had no name to give the phenomena. But, like most young girls, I was skeptical of all that was not directly natural when I thought of it at all, which was not often, until I had the experience I am going to tell you of, which was so strange that it upset me for weeks, which agitation came not so much from the real shock and fright that I suffered as from the mysterious circumstances that attended it.

"My own home was a country place

some 15 miles from a large city, where

I had several families of relatives

whom I visited once or twice a year or whenever there was to be given any ball or opera or festivity of sufficient importance for me to desire to attend it. I was just 17 when a royal personage from Europe came across the pond to get a peep at the Yankees, and though democratic to the point of being rabid every manly head was uncovered in the country, every manly throat ached with cheering this personage, and every feminine heart beat high with the hope of having the royal eye rest for a moment upon the new gown which was to be had at all hazards if the family dined on potatoes alone for a year to come.

"But the next night was to be that

of the grand ball given in honor of the

prince, and that, with the fact that I

had the prettiest gown in the city to

wear, finally prevailed on me to alter

my mind, though I made it a condition

that Marian, my maid, was to occupy a

little antechamber opening into mine,

and that my stalwart cousin, Christopher, who was afterward my beloved husband for nearly 40 years, was to sleep

on a cot in the hall just outside my

door. So with a contented mind I went to the ball, returning late to find my good maid asleep, and as she was still not well I crept quietly in and proceeded to undress.

"But the next night was to be that

of the grand ball given in honor of the

PAPER MAKING LORE.

EGYPTIANS WERE FIRST TO DISCOVER THE GREAT ART.

From Verbal Message Bearers to Inscriptions Upon Stones and Then Upon Metals. Making Egyptian Paper—The Ingenuity of the Chinese.

In all ages people have been compelled to communicate with each other. At a very early period of the world's existence some material on which to inscribe any information which they wished to convey to others was found necessary. Verbal messages, though often employed by ancient nations as a means of communication, were not always possible to use. Secrets had often to be transmitted, and it was a severe trial of a bearer's fidelity to intrust him with private affairs. Many tales are related in history and in legends of trusty messengers who yielded up their lives rather than make known the secret, which no torture could drag from their lips. Still failures were not uncommon, and human ingenuity set to work to invent some material on which to inscribe signs which could be understood at a distance.

As people grew more civilized, a demand arose for some material on which records and histories might be written and handed down to posterity. Stones were probably the earliest form of writing material. Even at the present day in many parts of the world stones are found bearing inscriptions. It would seem that among the earlier races of mankind any record of great importance was generally engraved upon stone, as being the more likely to be permanent. The same feeling may be traced in the present generation, the inscriptions on tombs, foundation stones of public buildings and monuments.

Stones not being convenient for the transmission of long messages, though admirably adapted for receiving inscriptions intended to outlast dynasties, other materials were tried. Lead, brass and bricks were all found to resemble stone too much in its property of not being portable. Lead was found to be the best, as it could be beaten out into thin sheets and written upon with iron or steel instruments. Its weight, however, was against it. Tablets of wood, wax and ivory, skins of fishes, intestines of serpents, were all employed as substitutes and were found to combine the requirements of portability, durability and facility of receiving writing.

The bark of trees when once tried was found to be superior to most of the other materials, and it was employed largely till the introduction of paper. There are but few kinds of plants or trees which have not been used in the manufacture of books and paper, and the various terms employed by the classic authors denote the several parts which were written on, such as biblos, codex, liber, tabula and others.

Of paper proper itself, it is perhaps needless to remind our readers that the name is derived from the papyrus, a reed growing on the banks of the Nile. Though Egypt is generally supposed to be the source whence came the idea of making paper, evidence is not wanting in favor of the theory that the Chinese were acquainted with the art at a very early period. The Chinese process is more ingenious than that of the ancient Egyptians, being more of a manufacture, properly speaking, than the other.

The Egyptian paper made from the papyrus was made by laying thin plates of tissue taken from the middle of the paper rush, side by side, but close together, on a hard, smooth table. Other pieces were then laid across the first at right angles. The whole was moistened with the water of the Nile, which was supposed to have some agglutinating property (though this probably resided in the plant itself), and pressure was then applied for a certain number of hours. Thus sheet of paper was formed which required no other finishing than rubbing and polishing with a smooth stone or with a solid glass hemisphere and drying in the sun.

This simple process was rather a preparation of a natural paper than a manufacture. The process adopted by the Chinese comes, as already remarked, more legitimately under that head.

The small branches of a tree resembling a mulberry tree are cut by them in lengths of about 3 feet and boiled in an alkaline lye for the sake of loosening the inner rind of bark, which is then peeled off and dried for use. When a sufficient quantity of bark has been thus laid up, it is again soft in water for three or four days, and the outer parts are scraped off as useless. The rest is boiled in clear lye, which is kept strongly agitated all the time until the bark has become tender and separated into distinct fibers. It is then placed in a pan or sieve and washed in a running stream, being at the same time worked with the hands until it becomes a delicate and soft pulp.

For the finer sorts of paper the pulp receives a second washing in a linen bag. It is then spread out on a smooth table and beaten with a wooden mallet until it is extremely fine. So far the manufacture is very much like what is carried on by the paper makers of the present day, they having the advantage of better materials than the bark of trees, and machinery now performs all the laborious washing and pulping processes. The ingenuity of the Chinese in inventing so complicated a process is far superior to that of the Egyptians.—*Paper Makers' Journal*.

Did Her Best.

This is the message the telegraph messenger handed to him:

Come down as soon as you can. I am dying—*KATE*.

Eight hours later he arrived at the house, to be met on the piazza by *Kate* herself.

"Why, what did you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked.

"Oh," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my 10 words ran out, and I had to stop."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A FINE SAMPLE OF NERVE.

The Means by Which a Tutor Inspired His Pupils With Courage.

An instance of remarkable nerve occurred a few years ago when the school for firemen in this city was established and the men of the fire department were being trained in the use of the scaling ladders and the fire nets. The man who trained the firemen told the incident without apparently thinking it an act much out of the common.

"We began to use the fire nets," he said, "from the first story windows. There is a knack in jumping into them so as not to get hurt. I led off by standing on the window sill, telling the men to hold the net, and then jumping into it. Each man in turn would come up and follow me in the jump. It was very simple at that height, and also from the second and third story windows. We went up a flight each day. When we had all got used to jumping into the net from the fourth story, as I found out afterward, the men thought that would do. 'We'll take the fifth tomorrow,' I had said to them when we quit that night. They thought I was a little off, and that I was guying them. So the next day, when we got ready to begin, and I set eight of them holding the net, they got nervous. I saw that when I said: 'Hold her strong, boys, I'm going to come down from the fifth, I begin to get afraid of them as I went up stairs. I got to the fifth floor and peeped out of the window to see if everything was all right. The men were all in their places. I didn't dare to get upon the window sill, as I had done on the floors below. It might make them nervous. So I just took one more peep to see if everything was still all right, put one hand on the sill and vaulted out. I came down all right, and every man made the jump after me.

"The nets ain't much good to the general public," continued the trainer, "but you have no idea of how much value they are to the discipline of the force. Firemen, you know, are mostly married men, with families, and it takes nerve for a man to plunge into a house full of flame and smoke when he has a wife and children dependent upon him, but the net gives him confidence of safety. He knows now that if his retreat is cut off by his comrades have the net below, and that he knows how to jump into it safely even from the top of a house. It's a great thing."—*New York Herald*.

Letters Five Hundred Years Old.

Ancient specimens of letters are shown in the Hof museum at Vienna. One is dated 1396. It consists of a large sheet of ribbed white paper folded in three. A band of paper was passed round the outside and through a slit in one edge, being then fastened with soft wax. A small piece of thin paper was laid on the wax and the seal pressed on the paper, not directly on the wax. A somewhat similar arrangement is found in a letter of the year 1446, which was written by the town counselor of Munich to the burgomaster of Rastenburg in the Tyrol, in order to obtain information concerning a man accused of bigamy. In the sixteenth century people in the Tyrol and Bavaria used bands of velvet or cords, fastened with wax. Later came separate round and oblong wafers. The use of the encircling band continued in Austria generally to 1750, or thereabout, and probably reached this century among conservative people. The first envelope of the modern type in this collection belongs to the year 1715.

Honesty In War.

The French marshal, Turenne, was a great general, and his character bears examination for nobility. He was a great man. Many incidents which are told of him show his modesty, generosity and honesty as well as his courage and military ability. A little story of one of his German campaigns illustrates his rare scrupulousness even in time of war.

The authorities of Frankfort believed, from the movements of his army, that he intended passing through their territory. They sent a deputation to him which offered him a large sum of money if he would alter the direction of his march and leave Frankfort unmolested.

They were surprised in more ways than one by his answer. "Gentlemen," he said, "my conscience will not permit me to accept your money, for I have never intended to lead my army through your town."—*Youth's Companion*.

Feathers In Germany.

As soon as she is able to run about each daughter of a German farmer's family is presented with a linen bag marked with her own name, into which she puts all the feathers she can pick up. Not the slightest downy bit escapes her, and the sooner the bag is filled the greater the praise she gets from the parents. The bag being full, it is emptied into a larger one, which hangs in the garret or elsewhere, and when there are feathers enough they are made into pillows or bolsters or beds or cushions for easy chairs. We waste a great deal in this country. Although we do not keep so many geese as Germans keep, chicken feathers are plentifully strewn about most farms and make good beds.

—*New York Dispatch*.

She Was Hungry.

This one on a G street boarding house: A little girl asked if she might have a small piece of meat. A very small piece was placed on her plate, when she remarked:

"I want a piece to eat, not to look at."

An audible smile traveled around among the boarders, and an audible town settled on the brow of the landlady.—*Washington Capital*.

It is a crime to kill an American eagle in the state of New York, and it is also an offense against the law to have one of the noble birds in possession.

Havana, Zacatecas, Mexico, and Canon are all situated between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth degrees of north latitude.

A STORY TOLD.

A little work, a little play,
To keep us going—and so good day!
A little warning, a little joy,
Of love's bestowing—and so good night!
A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so good morn!

—George D. Maurier in "Trilby."

A DETECTIVE'S YARN.

"It is not very often," said Detective Riley, "that a detective is forced to assume a disguise to get information, but sometimes it is absolutely necessary. The last time that I had to go into a den of thieves in a bogus character was a good many years ago, and I had a rather lively experience and enough of excitement to stand me until the end of my days.

"We received a report of the escape of a crook from the Charlestown prison, and from what the authorities there had been able to gather it was supposed that the convict had come to this city. They sent a description of the man, and the only thing that I saw was of any use was that on the man's right arm were the initials 'A. T.', with a flag above and anchor below them in India ink. I looked over our records and found that we had there the pedigree of Abe Taylor, and he had the same marks on his right arm. The rest of the description that we had did not tally very closely with the one sent from Charlestown, but I thought that there was good ground for the belief that the escaped convict was Taylor, who was one of the most successful jail breakers in the country.

"In order to be certain of the identity of the convict I went to Charlestown. I found that the man had been convicted under the name of John Smith for the robbery of the Pittsfield bank, and the style of the work was in line with the force. Firemen, you know, are mostly married men, with families, and it takes nerve for a man to plunge into a house full of flame and smoke when he has a wife and children dependent upon him, but the net gives him confidence of safety. He knows now that if his retreat is cut off by his comrades have the net below, and that he knows how to jump into it safely even from the top of a house. It's a great thing."—*New York Recorder*.

"I knew that I was up against a stiff game, and on the train from Boston I laid out a plan which I thought would give me a show to get on the track of the men. Abe and Jerry I knew were partners with Petey Slade, who ran a notorious fence and dive in Washington street, near Canal, and I made up my mind that some time or other the pair of them would land in Slade's place. I decided that my strongest hold would be to get in with Slade and his gang on their own terms. I knew the risk I was taking, for the gang were about the toughest set of thugs and assassins in the city and would not hesitate to slit a man's wizen in a second upon the slightest provocation. I put up a scheme which I thought would beat their game, and it worked to the queen's tattle.

"When I reached the city, I had myself arrested for a fictitious crime and was tried and sent to the Blackwell's Island penitentiary in a perfectly regular way, with the assistance, of course, of Recorder Hackett. The warden in the penitentiary knew my game and aided me in carrying out the business. After I had been locked up a few days I made my escape from the island after dark. The next day the newspapers contained a thrilling account of my escape, and the story was that I dug my way out of my cell and swam across the river to this city. I must have had a terrible time, as the papers told it, but as a matter of fact I crossed the river in a boat, and the story was given out to make me solid in the work I had laid out to do.

"When I reached the city, it was dark, and I walked down to Slade's dive in my convict's rig, which had been soaked with water to carry out my scheme. I sent a boy into the dive to get Slade to come to me, and I told him the story of my escape and said that a thief who had started to get away with me, but had lost his nerve when it came to taking the swim, had told me that when we reached the city we could go to Slade's and put up until the thing blew over.

"Slade was very cautious. He felt my clothing and took me in a back room in the den and carefully examined the clothes and shoes to see if they were the genuine convict's outfit. He was satisfied on that point, but was suspicious when I could not give him the name of my partner. I did not dare to fake a name, for Slade knew where every thief was who had been sent away that he ever did any business with. I told him that the man was known to me as Jack, and as Jack McCarthy, one of Slade's gang, happened to be on the island at the time my story was taken as being straight, and I was given a room on the second floor to bunk in. The next day Slade saw the story of my escape in the papers and became my friend at once.

"I must admit that I never got better treatment from any one than I did from Slade and the gang. He told them that I was all right, and they were glad to know a fellow who had the nerve to swim across the East river, where the tide runs like a mill race. I had to keep the house all the time, and in case the police got on to me in any way I was shown a way that I could escape by getting into an underground passage, which led to a sewer in the street. I was fed like a fighting cock, and nothing turned up for about three weeks. Then early one morning, while I was sleeping, some one came into my room, and I heard a whispered consultation. There was a dim light in an adjoining room, and I could see four figures. My hair stood up on end, for I naturally thought that they were talking about me, and that I had been found out. I made up my mind to give them as good a fight as there was in me, but after awhile the men went into the next room, and I heard them get into bed. In the morning my heart gave a big thump when I saw that the new arrivals were

Abe Taylor, Jerry Connors and Andy Cummings, the men I was after.

"My first idea was to connect with the outside and have the place pulled, and I would have done this if I had not learned that a scheme had been put up to turn off a savings bank in Newark. Cummings and Taylor had been in Newark planting the place. I was introduced to them by Slade, and Taylor took me right away as a jail breaker after his own heart. I worked my cards as skillfully as I could and let the gang know that I was dying of dry rot. In the course of my business I had naturally picked up every detail of the crook's trade and let Taylor know that I was anxious to get into some good bank lift. They waited about a week and then got word from Newark that the bank was ripe. I was delighted when Taylor told me I could go along, and I carried some of the jimmies.

"When we reached the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey city, we split up, and I went to a lavatory. I found a bootblack there, and I gave him a message for headquarters here and the chief of the Newark police, informing them of the attack that was to be made on the savings bank. The boy did his work right, and when we reached Newark I saw that we were picked up by some of the local police on the dead quiet. We went to the house of Red King and learned that a hole had been pushed through the wall of the building adjoining the bank. When we left King's to go to the bank, I saw three New York detectives on the way. I could not arrange for any signal and did not know when the attack would be made upon us.

"A dozen policemen were in the bank office waiting for us, and after we had got through the hole behind the safe and were getting ready to go to work the police rushed in on us. I dashed for the hole and fell on purpose so that I blocked it, and as every man was covered with a gun there was nothing to do but surrender. I went in with the gang, and they did not learn who I was until the next day. The gang swore they would kill me, but hadn't done it yet. Taylor and Connors were sent to Massachusetts on the Pittsfield affair, and the rest of the gang got a taste of Jersey justice."—*New York Recorder*.

Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

There was a time when folks used to set their watches by the town clock. Nowadays the railway timepiece seems to set the pace. There is so much traveling and so many have to catch trains that men try to keep railroad time.

Few think, however, how difficult it is to keep that same railroad time straight. A bad watch or false time, even to the extent of a minute or two, might easily involve the destruction of a train and many lives. Conductors and engineers not only must have good time keeping watches, but they must have a very accurate standard of time to go by. All clocks vary, but most clocks vary too much for railroad accuracy.

All over the great Pennsylvania system the clocks are regulated every 24 hours by telegraph from Altoona, where they get the standard time in seconds from Washington. The conductors and engineers running out of Philadelphia get their time from the clock in the rotunda at the Broad street station, the big one in the center just outside the waiting room, which occupies the same position in the new station that it did in the old. This clock, which cost over \$400, is considered a wonder and in the old station seldom varied more than two seconds in the 24 hours. It has not been doing quite so well since taken down and put up again, but is improving and is so much better than any other clock known that nobody thinks of changing it, and in all probability it will last for a long time.

The man of the house will at once appreciate the blessing of a magnetized hammer, since he can pick the tiny ticks from the box direct with his magnet, press them into the roller with the same tool and by one blow drive the elusive fasteners home.

Carpet laying is made easy and stray ticks in quantities such as will slip from the fingers a thing of the past.—*New York Herald*.

The Kaiser's Favorite Dish.

The German kaiser and kaisersin usually breakfast and dine with 20 to 60 friends. They call that a "home" luncheon or dinner. The cuisine is half English and half German, and meats are always served in great variety, as the kaiser is a great meat eater. German champagne is furnished with soup, Moselle and Rhine wine follow and then Burgundy and Heidsieck Royal with the dessert.

The latter is a special brand manufactured expressly for his majesty, who has always from 6,000 to 10,000 quarts of it in his cellars. The kaiser's favorite dish is Vienna roast beef, or pot roast. Whenever he visits at a house, his court marshal asks the host to place this dish on the menu. The kaiser's menu is always in German script except when foreigners are invited who do not speak the language. The kaiser keeps no pastry cook. All pastries for the schloss are furnished by a caterer in Unter den Linden.

The Empress Frederick's cuisine has never excited the enthusiasm of gourmets. It is neither English nor French nor German. Her majesty isordinately fond of cream, which is added to most dishes on her table. Purées and pastries are much liked.—*New York World*.

Breslau's Trick.

Breslau, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troupe, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens and promised to give a night's takings to the poor if the parish would pay for hiring a room, etc. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and next morning the churchwardens waited upon the wizad to touch the receipts.

"I have already disposed of dem," said Breslau. "De profits were for de poor. I have kept my promise and given the money to my own people, who are de poorest in dis parish."

"Sir," exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a trick."

"I know it," replied the conjurer. "I live by my tricks."—*London Tit-Bits*.

A PEN PICTURE.

The Man Had Not Meant to Make Trouble, but Was Unfortunate.

"A strong wind had set in from the sea, banking huge masses of clouds over the city. The rain descended in a blinding, staggering deluge, and solid sheets of fire flashed athwart the angry skies, followed by crashing peals of thunder. The gloom was excessive. The lights in the streets cast a fitful, sickly glare over the wet pavements and the few belated pedestrians who were hastening home. It was a night for dark thoughts and darker deeds.

I laid aside the book which I had been reading—an absurdly impossible tale of midnight horrors and ghastly crimes—and sat moodily looking at the raindrops chasing madly down the window pane and at the fierce night without. The cabbies in the street below were swearing, and the call bells in the hotel were clangling like wild.

Suddenly in the adjoining room I heard a sharp click like the cocking of a firearm. The connecting door was unlatched and slightly ajar. I sat still,

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the
Diocese of San Francisco, for the
month of October.Oct. 28th—Twenty-fourth Sunday after
Pentecost.

Dominican Convent, (24th Street)

San Francisco.

Saint Leanders, San Leandro.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, November 3d

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Oct. 28, Sunday—24th after Pente-
cost—Sts. Simon and Jude Apostles.

Oct. 29, Monday—Ven. Bede, D. (735.)

Oct. 30, Tuesday—St. Alphonsus Rod-
riguez (Brother, S. J., 1617.)Oct. 31, Wednesday—Vigil—St. Quin-
tin, M. (303)—St. Sircius, Bp. 398.Nov. 1, Thursday—Of precept—All
Saints.Nov. 2, Friday—All Souls—St. Vic-
torinus, Bp. M. (303)Nov. 3, Saturday—St. Malachy, Bp.
(1148.) St. Winifred, V. M. (1050.)United States District At-
torney Garter has decided that fed-
eral protection cannot be ex-
tended to the A. P. A. demon-
strations at Metropolitan tem-
ple. If Mr. Garter had said in
his decision that the govern-
ment needs protection from the
A. P. A., he would have hit the
nail on the head.Protestant preachers in con-
vention assembled have placed
themselves on record, and criti-
cized the Catholic press for
urging Catholics not to patron-
ize Protestants who belong to
the A. P. A. The shoe is
on the other foot now, and the
bitter finding himself bitten, is
crying "peace! hold! enough!".
Perhaps the preachers now that
they find their brethren suffer-
ing will call off their dogs. The
entering wedge has been driven
into the stronghold of Apaism.
It will pass through completely
and leave a wide open gap on
the 6th of November.We rejoice at the erection of
so commodious and handsome
an addition to the Catholic
University buildings at Wash-
ington as the Divinity Hall.
Our only regret is that it is
dubbed with so un-Catholic a
name. Rome knows no doc-
tors of divinity; the graduates
are Doctors of Theology and
Doctors of Canon Law. There
is much in a name, and we
ought to treasure the terminol-
ogy of Catholic tradition. Our
High Church brethren gather
with great gusto the names
generated by the mediæval
church.If the insult offered to Mon-
signor Satolli in New Jersey,
be as our daily journals report-
ed, then can every Catholic hang
his head in shame. That any
body of men should forget de-
cency so far as to force their
presence in a private residence
on the Pope's representative
is incredible. That laymenshould interfere in a matter
strictly between a priest and his
bishop is simply abominably
impertinent.It is with deep pain that we
very frequently read in our ex-
changes and in the Eastern pa-
pers of appeals made by ecclesi-
astics and laymen to the courts
to redress wrongs, real or
imaginary, inflicted by those
who hold church authority.
This is a serious scandal to
weak brethren, and a grave
stumbling block to those who
are seeking the one fold. To
the enemies of Christ's spouse
it is a source of immeasured
joy. If these be grievances,
why not appeal to the tribunals
of Holy Church? To facilitate
redress, the Pope has among
other reasons sent us an Apost-
olic Delegate to whom all cler-
gy and laity in matters eccllesi-
astic may appeal. It is not out
of place to recall the words of
the Divine Master, "He that
shall scandalize one of these lit-
tle ones that believe in me, it
were better for him that a mill-
stone were hanged about his
neck and that he were drowned
in the depth of the sea.Communion Under One
Kind.To receive Communion un-
der the form of bread is the
present practice of the Catholic
Church. For so doing our
Protestant brethren charge us
with receiving a mutilated sac-
rament. This is to ignore his-
toric facts, as well as the doc-
trine of the Eucharist held by us.
During the tengreat per-
secutions of the early Christians,
the Blessed Sacrament was given
to the laity to carry to their homes
and there communicate themselves.
From the nature of the case, it was
under the form of bread alone.
Again, newly baptized babes
did at one time and still do in
some of the Oriental sects re-
ceive holy communion. Plainly
this could only be done by
giving the consecrated wine.
There is no divine precept to
receive under both kinds. The
command is "Unless you eat
the flesh of the Son of Man and
drink His blood you can have
no life in you". Believing, as
we do, that wherever the body
of the Lord is, there also must
be His blood, His soul, and His
divine nature, and that where-
ver His sacred blood is, there
must be the living Christ, the
Son of God, both in His human
and His divine nature; we do
therefore eat His flesh and
drink His blood. This doctrine
of Catholics makes them hold
they fulfil the precepts to eat
the flesh of the Son of Man
and drink his blood. Had the
followers of Christ commun-
icated while He was in the
grave, they would have been
obliged to receive under both
the form of bread and the form
of wine. The revised version
of the New Testament has cor-
rected the translation hereto-
fore in vogue, by substituting
"or" for "and", "Whosoever
shall eat the bread or drink the
cup of the Lord unworthily
shall be guilty of the body and
the blood of the Lord". It
may be well to inform our read-
ers, that the Oriental churches
believing in the Real Presence
just as we do, communicate the
laity not by giving the chalice
to drink, but by giving the con-secrated bread sopped in the
consecrated chalice. Ordinarily
in the early Church com-
munion was given in both
kinds. During the Manichean
heresy at one time the Church
gave a similar order, to the her-
etics while condemning the use
of wine, endeavored to receive
the Blessed Sacrament. Since
the so-called Reformation, the
denial of the Real Presence is
the solid reason for communion
under one kind. The disci-
pline of the Church has varied
simply because there is no di-
vine precept on the matter.Not so with Eucharist as a
Sacrifice to "shew the Lord's
death till He come".The command of Jesus
Christ is plain and exlyclic.
Hence the Consecration must
be of bread and of wine, and
the consecrator, or priest,
as we call him, must receive
under both kinds to complete
the sacrifice. By one of those
contradictions, which is allowed
to confound false teachers,
Episcopalian deliberately vio-
late this precept of our Great
High Priest. Their Book of
Common Prayer says: "If the
consecrated bread or wine be
all spent before all have com-
municated the Priest is to con-
secrate more, according to the
form before prescribed."

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unpar-
alleled Premium Offer.We have received numerous letters
during the past week in reference to
our premium offer, and for the benefit
of subscribers who desire to take ad-
vantage of its terms reiterate it this
week.For those who send us \$4.65, we will
send a magnificent crayon portrait,
entitled a True Likeness of Our Sav-
ior, framed in a three-inch oak frame,
with handsome passepartout, already
boxed for shipment to any part of the
world, and a copy of this paper for
one year. This offer is limited, and
those who desire to obtain this mag-
nificent picture should order it at once.Our second offer is for \$1.50 and 10
cents, to pay postage, to send you a
copy of this paper for one year, and
an elegantly printed map of Ireland,
size 24x4 feet, printed in twelve col-
umns. The retail value of this map
alone is \$1.50, so you practically get
the paper for nothing.For our third offer we will on receipt
of \$1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA
CATHOLIC for three months and ex-
ecute for you a crayon portrait, size
17x14 inches, in the highest style of
the art. These pictures are superior
to any yet offered, and will warrant
the closest study. As the price of the
paper for three months is 40 cents,
the picture, therefore, will only cost
60 cents, but will not be supplied
to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon
from the paper, enclose \$1.00 in coin,
money order or stamps, with your pho-
tograph. If the picture is not satis-
factory your money will be cheerfully
refunded.Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA
CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery
Block, San Francisco.

Well Deserved Tribute.

A local weekly paper pays the fol-
lowing compliment to a gentleman
now before the people, who is well
known to all the readers of the CALI-
FORNIA CATHOLIC:In nominating James G. Nealon for a seat on
the Board of Equalization the Democratic Con-
vention was, no doubt, actuated by a desire to
place a man there who is familiar with the system
by which property is assessed all over the State.
San Francisco has frequently suffered by reason
of the inaccuracy of her representative on the
Board. The interior representatives are always
in favor of forcing the metropolis to shoulder the
burden of taxation, but with a man like Nealon
at Sacramento they will find it no easy task to
explain their reasons for wishing to raise San
Francisco's assessment.

Healdsburg.

The recent fair, held for the benefit
of St. John's church was a grand suc-
cess. It was very liberally patronized
and the attendance at all times was
large. Everything was disposed of
and the financial results were very
gratifying to Father Meier.

A CUNNING REPTILE.

The Various Clever Devices He Used to De-
ceive His Discoverer.A correspondent of The Popular Sci-
ence News tells the following strange
story:While searching for snails I turned
over an old log and disturbed a snake,
called by our negroes a "spreading ar-
row." The tactics pursued by this
reptile were curious.First he erected his head and neck
and flattened them till they seemed
no thicker than cardboard, thus increasing
his apparent size, as he took care
not to be seen edgewise. The shape of
his head changed. It took a pronounced
triangular form—similar to the heads
of our most venomous snakes. Then his
tail, with the aid of a dry leaf, was
proclaiming that it was the tail of a
rattlesnake.All this, coupled with an ominous
hisss, was calculated to strike terror to
the heart of his disturber, as for a moment
he turned his back and remained motionless.
I threw him six feet from the
ground, and so quickly did he turn over
that he seemed to strike on his back.
Once on his back, nothing could induce
him to move. Tapping, prodding,
twisting his tail—all were in vain.
Then I suspended him from the limb of
a tree, retreated a little and watched.
At the end of two minutes the reptile
moved. Slowly he turned on his spinal
column as on an axis, seeing nothing dangerous
dropped to the ground and was making
off.At my approach he died again. After
sundry proddings, which failed to move
him, I rewarded him for his cleverness
by giving him the liberty that he cer-
tainly had earned.

SEALS ARE FOND OF MUSIC.

And Hunters Use Sweet Sounds to Get
Them Within Reach."Seals are very fond of music," said
G. L. Tompkins of New Bedford, Mass.,
"and the hunters who pursue them most
successfully usually make use of some
musical instrument to attract them. I
have a distinct recollection of the first seal
hunt I ever went on. Early one morning
I, in company with about a dozen others,
set out in a rowboat for a spot where the seals were said to be
plentiful. The boatmen dipped their
oars slowly in the water and sung in
unison a weird, wild song in a peculiar
undertone. To me, being uninitiated in
the sport, this seemed to be a curious
accompaniment to a seal hunt, but I was
still more surprised when one of the men
produced a flute and played on it
a quaint, sympathetic air.The effect of the music was soon evi-
dent, as dozens of seals poked their
heads up, some remaining basking on
the water, while others clambered up on
the ledges of rock, charmed almost to
unconsciousness by the music. Steering
the boat to the shore, the musician all
the while keeping up the plaintive air,
one of the men jumped out. He carried
with him a huge club and a long sharp
knife. Noiselessly creeping to where
some of the seals were lying on the rocks
listening intently to the music, he dealt
one of them a terrible blow on the head
with the club, stunning it, and then
made short work of the poor animal
with his knife. In the same manner we
secured 11 fine seals before night."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shooting In France.

Shooting is probably the most universal
and popular sport in France. Almost
every man is, has been or will be a
"chasseur." It is a healthy exercise,
inexpensive, since 20 persons can unite
to hire the lease of as many acres, and
is unattended with risk of disappoint-
ment, as the unlucky sportsman can always
buy a rabbit at the dealer's to
bring home to his wife. The French
government annually issues 350,000
licenses, which bring in about \$400,000.
The largest number of these permits is
delivered in the departments of Gironde,
Bordeaux, Bouches du Rhone, Marseilles
and Seine et Oise, on account of their
nearness to Paris, about 18,000 in each.
The department of the Seine, in which
Paris is situated, is responsible only for
9,000 licenses, there being very little
real country in it.—London News.

His Meaning Illustrated.

A lawyer was cross questioning a neg-
ro witness in one of the justice courts
the other day and was getting along
fairly well until he asked the witness what
his occupation was.

"I'm a carpenter, sir."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack leg carpenter,
sah."

"What is a jack leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first
class carpenter, sah.""Well, explain fully what you un-
derstand a jack leg carpenter to be,"

insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declare, I dunno how ter
splain any mo', 'cept to say hit am jes'
same diffunce 'twixt you and a fust
class lawyer."—Macon Telegraph.

A Discriminating Observer.

"Those two men seem mighty badly
worked up," said the messenger boy,
who was coming up stairs backward so
as not to miss anything. "They're call-
ing names an threaten to do one an-
other."

"What is it?" asked the bookkeeper.

"A fight?"

"Now! I thought they wus fighters,
but I guess they're only pugilists."—

Washington Star.

It Is Often the Case.

"Mrs. Bolton is looking extremely
well. What do you attribute it to?""The dressmaker, of course, dear."
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SLEPT WITH THE HORSE.

The Odd Bedfellow of a Sheriff Who Held
a Flier as Security."There are more unique experiences
to be encountered in serving writs and
various legal documents than in almost
any other business," remarked a young
lawyer the other day to a Chicago Her-
ald reporter. "The constable and the
deputy sheriff are required to do more
strange things in the line of duty than
any one else I ever heard of.""One of them attached a horse for me
at the Washington park track, and I
went along with him to see that every-
thing was right. We located the horse
first, and when the stable boy found
out what the trouble was about there
was the greatest furor you ever saw.""Why, boss," exclaimed one of
them, "dat hoss kin win mo' den dat in
one race. Jess you let 'im alone!""Dat hoss am good fo' a hundred ob-
dium claims jess at dit one meetin!" as-
serted another."They kept up a regular fusillade
while the deputy and I were looking for
the owner, but we paid no attention to
them. When we finally found the owner,
he did not seem inclined to pay. There
was a dispute as to the claim, he said,
but he admitted that he had put
his name to the note that we had sued
on. He could not pay that afternoon
anyway, and the deputy wanted to take
the horse right away. I was opposed to
that, however, for he was entered in a
race for the next day, and it seemed un-
fair to prevent his running.""You stay with the horse," I said to
the deputy. "He is in your charge and
you simply remain with him."

"All night?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "Give the
owner a chance to raise the money. If
he doesn't succeed, you can take the
horse away tomorrow.""But where will I sleep?" he inquired
anxiously."Wherever the owner does," I re-
turned. "He lives out here somewhere.""Where do you sleep?" he asked the
owner."I sleep with the horse," was the re-
ply.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

St. Joseph's Boys Sodality Elects Officers.

ALAMEDA'S NEW CHURCH.

Offer of a Large Tract of Land near Santa Cruz for a great College.

Alameda.

Work on the new St. Joseph's church has been prosecuted with considerable vigor, and Rev. Father Sullivan and the parishioners are much pleased with the rapidity which has characterized the erection of the edifice.

The roof was completed a couple of weeks ago, and the first, or brown coat of plaster has been put on. The window frames have been placed in position, and the structure has reached that stage toward completion that work can be prosecuted regardless of the state of the weather.

The bell tower and steeple have reached their height, and a guilt cross already ornaments the steeple. The roofing of this will be slate, the tiles having already arrived.

The ladies' bazaar for the benefit of the church building fund will be open on November 12th, but it is not yet decided whether it will be held in the new building or in St. Joseph's Hall. It is quite likely, however, that it will be in the new structure.

December 16th has been selected as the date of dedication, and Father Sullivan will have redeemed his promise to have it completed before Christmas.

The A. P. A. Lodge meets every Tuesday night in the lodge room in Masonic Hall. It is amusing to stand on the corner of Park street and Alameda avenue, and witness the efforts of the members to escape observation as they try to dodge into their hall. A group of gentlemen standing on the corner on Tuesday night, watching their suspicious movements, at first thought a clu had been found to the murderous burglar who has been entering so many houses in this city, but gave up the idea when they recognized one of the members. If any of the Catholics of Alameda wish to know who their enemies are, all they need do is to stand on the above corner on any Tuesday night and watch them as they go up the stairs. We have a large number of their names, but as they are of no standing in the community, we believe it a waste of space to publish them. It will only give them the notoriety they seek.

Santa Cruz.

One of the loveliest bits of beach along the shore of the beautiful bay of Monterey, says the Surf, is the one that is accessible only through the picturesque canyon that debouches near Leonard's station and is crossed by what is known as the high bridge on the broad gauge road. This section of the shore line affords some of the most charming views of mountain and marine scenery that can be found along the California Coast, and for some time prominent Catholics who have become familiar with the locality have looked forward with hope to the time when a resort could be established in that locality.

The Leopards who own the property have looked upon the project with favor and it now seems likely to assume a tangible shape in the near future.

It was announced some months ago that the Catholic College in Santa Clara would soon require more ample accommodations; it is now probable that a combination will be affected by which an educational institution which will be the successor of this college, and a seaside resort for the clergy of the Pacific Coast will be established at Leonards.

About a thousand acres of land will probably be included in the holdings which the church will acquire and large developments may be looked for in the future in that locality.

San Miguel.

The sodality of the children of Mary was recently organized here and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Belle McDonald; vice-president, Miss Mamie Cunningham; secretary, Miss Annie Curtin; executive committee, Miss Mamie Fitzgerald, Miss Maggie McDonald and Miss Mae Miller. Father O'Reilly will deliver a lecture once a month before the society.

Santa Rosa.

Rev. Thomas Adams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of his cousin, Mrs. John Keegan, Sr., at Santa Rosa. Father Adams was educated in Spain. He came from Ireland some twenty-four years ago, and has since been attached to a church in Brooklyn.

In February of 1876, while crossing the East river, Father Adams rescued a woman from drowning. The boat was slowly making its way through a thin crust of ice, when the cry was raised that a woman was overboard. Father Adams then took off his coat, jumped in and saved the woman. For this act of bravery Father Adams was presented with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

Santa Clara.

The feast day of Sister Mary Beatrix, superior of the convent of Notre Dame, was celebrated on Friday of last week by the young ladies of the Institution.

An excellent entertainment was given by the students. The exhibition hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion, with flowers and smilax, and was crowded by the numerous friends and relatives of the students.

An excellent program was presented and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The sister received many presents and congratulations. At noon the students enjoyed a well arranged lunch in honor of the day.

Sonora.

Rev. Father Gulerin, who has been undergoing medical treatment at St. Mary's hospital, reached home on Tuesday night.

Several weeks ago he was thrown from his buggy and sustained a painful and serious injury by the breaking of the collar bone. We are pleased however to know that he is now completely recovered, and that his health and strength are again assured unto him.

St. Joseph's.

Last Sunday morning great enthusiasm was manifested at the meeting of the Young Men's Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, Branch No. 1, the occasion being the election of officers. The society is now canonically approved, the papers having arrived from Rome on October 8th, and, as a result, there was a friendly rivalry to see who would have the honor of office in the Sodality for the next term.

Some seventy members were present when the chairman declared nominations in order. For the office of President were nominated Messrs. Lawler and Amsussen. The former was elected, although Mr. Amsussen's popularity was manifested by the many votes cast in his favor. Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald was elected Vice-President.

The race, however, between Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Brown was quite close for some time. To the office of Secretary Mr. Thomas W. Hickey was unanimously re-elected, and then came the liveliest contest of the meeting. This was the fight for the office of Treasurer.

The candidates for this office were quite numerous. Messrs. Lucier, Sullivan, Barry, Dumont and Cadogan all entered the race; but Mr. Thomas H. Sullivan was elected, although Mr. Lucier was a very close second.

When the Secretary announced the result of the balloting great applause was given, and it soon became evident the members were well pleased with their choice. Each successful candidate was called on for a speech.

The members felt delighted to see their election honored by the presence of their newly appointed chaplain, Rev. Joseph M. Gleason. Although his time was very limited, still he managed to attend the election, thus manifesting the great interest he takes in the welfare of the Sodality. Furthermore, the members felt happy to see present Brother George, the newly appointed Principal of St. Joseph's school, and Brother Francis, teacher at the same school. They were ushered into the sodality hall by our zealous prefect. It may be said to the credit of the sodality at large that the officers they elected are among the most edifying members of the society. They have shown their work by their long membership, good conduct and prompt attendance at all the meetings.

Before the meeting adjourned the Brother Prefect asked the staff of officers to meet at 5 p. m. in the sodality hall, for the purpose of appointing the minor officers. The result was as follows:

Sacristan, Edmund Fitzgerald. Chanters, Louis Brown and Charles Amsussen.

Librarians, James Tomlins and Harry Hay.

Councilors, Frank Lucier, Frank Dumont and Michael O'Connell.

West Oakland.

The Working Boy's League has been increased by the admission of fifteen members, and five applications are pending. To-morrow will be the general communion day for the members.

The newly organized Gentlemen's Sodality will also receive Holy Communion to-morrow morning.

A splendidly equipped class room has recently been set apart in St. Joseph's Institute for the use of the graduating class. There are at present four young ladies in the class who will receive their graduating honors in December, 1885. The attendance at school is excellent, and the sisters of St. Joseph are much pleased with the results obtained from their promising pupils.

San Leandro.

Some time ago Miss Dottie Mariante, an eleven-year-old miss, conceived the idea of procuring statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for the church. She enlisted her schoolmates in the undertaking, and on Wednesday afternoon gave an entertainment in St. Joseph's hall, for which an admission fee of 10 cents was charged. An excellent programme was presented, and a considerable sum was realized towards attaining her object. The program comprised vocal and instrumental music, dialogues and recitations, and proved a most enjoyable affair. All the young ladies participating attended the Dominican convent school, and gave every evidence of the careful instruction imparted by the sisters.

Stockton.

During the two weeks commencing on Sunday, November 11th, at 10:30 o'clock mass and ending on Sunday, November 25th, Fathers Moeller and Finnegan of the Society of Jesus will hold a mission at St. Mary's Church similar to others held by the reverend Fathers throughout the State. The Fathers are eloquent preachers and have been very successful in their work in California.

During the two weeks the order of exercise will be as follows: At 5 o'clock a. m., mass and instruction; 8:30 a. m., mass and sermon; 3 p. m., stations of the cross; 7:30 p. m., rosary, sermon, benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The exercises at night for the first week, from November 11th to November 18th, will be exclusively for women. For the second week, from November 19th to November 25th, the night exercises will be exclusively for men.

Fresno.

The various items of receipts of the Catholic Fair which was held in Kutter hall last week, have been footed up, and it is found that in every sense of the word it was a success. The Sisters of the Holy Cross, under whose auspices it was held, have expressed their thanks to all who have contributed, either by their presence or otherwise, to the success. Mrs. Dr. Adair, as president, worked unceasingly, and to her efforts splendid results are largely due.

The president, Mrs. Dr. Adair, and the secretary, Sister Florian, have furnished the following report as to the result:

Gross receipts	\$1,322.50
Expenses	186.00
Net proceeds	\$1,136.50

Here and There.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery was tendered a reception at the residence of Father Farrelly, in Visalia, on the evening of the 16th inst. All the members of the church and many Protestants took occasion to become acquainted with the Bishop. On the evening of the 18th inst. the Bishop delivered a lecture on the temperance question in Visalia, which attracted a large attendance.

The Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered to about 100 children at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Rafael, on Sunday, November 11th.

PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON.

This Coupon when accompanied by \$1.00 entitles the holder to a large sample

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size, 17x14 inches. Taken from any photograph or tin-type, and

Three Month's Subscription to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particular to write name and address plainly to insure prompt delivery.

The Angel of the Morn.

WRITTEN FOR CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

'Tis when the eyes of night are weary
The vision bright appears,
That stirs and fills my soul, grief-dreary,
Like music from the spheres.

'Tis then the darkness dim is palling
And on the scattered clouds

The beveled shafts of morn are falling,
Like sun rays on black shrouds.

From Eastern skies with splendor
beaming,

A lustrious figure wings

His flight, his long hair streaming,

Like gathered hair of mighty kings,
His hand a golden sceptre carries,

All tipped with dazzling light.

He smiles as on his way he tarries
To 'spere the brackish clouds of night.

His sarcofetolds, like weavelets tremble,

And gleam with radiant dyes;

While silvery beams of light assemble
To adorn the new morn skies.

I watch his course with wondering
vision,

As o'er the heaven he flies,

I ask with doubting undecision,
Is he an angel of the skies?

Or phantom of the budding morning,
I know not but to me,

All futile dreams and visions scorning,
It ranks a mystery.

But hush! Hear not that whisper
lightly,

Of fancy sure not born;

"He whom thou seest, he is rightly
Styled the angel of the morn."

JOSEPH NOONAN,

Los Angeles, Cal.

Charles S. Tilton.

One of the most able surveyors this city ever had was Charles S. Tilton, the regular Republican nominee.

Few men have been so popular or have shown themselves so thoroughly competent to administer the duties of that office as Mr. Tilton. He is an old resident of San Francisco and enjoys the esteem and respect of a wide circle of friends. He was born at Lowell, Mass. Mr. Tilton is in all else a Californian. He came to this State in 1852 and has lived in this city ever since.

After a highly creditable career as a school-boy, and subsequently graduating with honors from the high school, Mr. Tilton entered upon the special studies of the profession of his choice, that of a civil engineer in the office of County Surveyor. For nearly twenty years he filled one position and then another, becoming so thoroughly familiar with every detail as to make him the best informed man in the city and county in his particular line. In 1885 he was elected City and County Surveyor and in 1890 that judgment of the people was confirmed by his re-election.

A true Republican, Mr. Tilton is a hearty worker in the cause and a thoroughly competent man for his position. He has the support of men of both parties and is endorsed by all who know him. As a member of several fraternal organizations, Mr. Tilton holds high rank and is decidedly popular with all kinds and classes of people.

TRYING.

There are some cases in which a correct musical ear causes its possessor a good deal of discomfort.

"I suppose you heard Squire Sampson's daughter's voice pretty loud in the hymns, my dear?" said Parson Fawcett inquiringly to his little wife at the close of the morning service. "I used to think that her voice was very strong, but not—er—not exactly reliable perhaps as to pitch."

"Mr. Fawcett," replied the minister's wife, while a flush rose to her thin cheeks, "I suppose she that was Arabel Sampson thinks she is praising the Lord when she sings, and far be it from me to say that she doesn't, but I must say that it's all I can do to praise him at the same time!"—YOUTH'S Companion.

IF ALL THE PLANETS WERE GOLD.

A celebrated English authority, in a well known work titled "Observations on Reversionary Payments," makes the following wonderful calculations: It is well known to what prodigious sum money at compound interest will increase. A penny so improved from the time of our Saviour—that is to say, put out at 5 per cent compound interest—would by this time have increased to more money than could be contained in 150,000,000 of globes equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold.

Women freely travel about in Korea until midnight, a writer on the Koreans says, while the men are required to be at the house at 8 p. m.

The largest bell in America is said to be in the cathedral of Montreal and weighs 28,000 pounds.

James Means, division freight agent of the Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad, was indicted in Pittsburg by the United States grand jury for discriminating in the matter of beer shipments from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. The trial of Baltimore and Ohio railroad officials for the same offense has commenced.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT—Milling, \$2.40-\$3.50 per cwt; shipping trades, \$1.40-\$3.50.

BARLEY—Feed, 72¢-\$2.75 per cwt; new brewing, \$2.00-\$2.40; choice Chevalier, \$1.75-\$2.00.

OATS—Old crop—Orchard, 80¢-\$1.00 per cwt; \$2.40-\$2.60; good to choice, 90¢-\$1.20; fancy, \$1.00-\$1.10; surprise, \$1.10-\$1.25; milling, \$1.10-\$1.25.

COCONUTS—Large, yellow, \$1.75-\$2.00 per cwt; small, \$1.25-\$1.50; white, \$1.25-\$1.50.

BEANS—Pea, \$2.50-\$2.70 per cwt; pink, \$1.40-\$1.50; bayo, \$1.75-\$2.00; small white, \$2.00-\$2.25; large, \$2.00-\$2.25; butter, \$1.75-\$2.00; Lima, \$2.00-\$2.25; red, \$2.00-\$2.25.

SEEDS—Rape, 13¢-\$24¢ per cwt; hemp, 22¢-\$24¢; canary, 4¢-6¢ per cwt; poppy, 10¢ per cwt; Utah; mustard, 2¢-\$2.50 per cwt; yellow and 2¢-\$2.50 for brown.

HAY—Wheat, \$8.00-\$12.00 per ton; stock, \$5.00-\$6.00 per ton; alfalfa, \$7.00-\$9.00; barley, \$8.00-\$10.00 per ton; clover, \$9.00-\$11.00 per ton; straw, \$2.00-\$2.50 per cwt; hops—Nominal.

RYE—New, 57¢-\$60¢ per cwt.

DRIED PEAS—Nominal.</p

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

THE SLANG OF LONDON

ITS RHYMING FEATURE, WHICH IS PECULIAR TO ENGLAND.

Say "Daisies" For Boots, and You Will Have Made a Good Start, but That Is Not All of It by Any Means—A Dissertation on an Unknown Science.

By way of introducing the subject let me premise that there is a certain school of thinkers—dwellers for the most part in very unfashionable districts of London—who hold that a policeman in plain clothes, dress he ever so plainly, may always be known as such by a cursory inspection of his boots. Whether this opinion is well founded I know not, but its existence, and also the existence of rhyming slang, was brought to my notice not long ago in Oxford street—not the Oxford street of west enders and De Quincey, but Oxford street "out Stepney way." I happened to be rather stoutly shod, and I wear spectacles, which are, I suppose, often assumed for the purpose of disguise, and as I passed by a group of ill favored loafers at a street corner I distinctly heard one of them remark to another: "Ere's tee. D'er dick 'is goggles and 'is blanky daisies!"

I walked quickly away, but the words remained in my mind. The opinion they conveyed, except as affording proof that the speaker belonged to the school of thinkers above alluded to, did not interest me so much as the words themselves. "Tee" is of course merely an abbreviation for "detective." Much might be written about "dick." It is pure Roman, connected, as every student of that attractive language knows, with the Sanskrit "drish" and the Hindoo "dakshna," meaning "to see." But "daisies"—being the slang term and, as I shall show, the rhyming slang term for "boots"—is a good specimen of a most singular perversion of the English language, which is well worth the attention of any one who cares about linguistic oddities.

Rhyming slang is peculiar to England and, I believe, to London. The French language, so rich in slang, does not admit of such treatment. It is of modern origin, and I doubt if any trace of it is to be found in the records, which are fairly plentiful, of the slang of last century. Nor do I recollect any instance of its appearance in the works of Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth or Bulwer Lytton.

Rhyming slang expressions may be divided into two classes—the simple and the complex. The simple method consists in substituting for a word some other word or phrase which rhymes with it. Not that every one is free to choose his own rhymes. Usage has established certain rhyming slang equivalents for certain words, and, although no doubt new rhymes are always being introduced on trial, yet when one has become recognized as belonging to the dialect it can never be dislodged. For instance, the rhyming slang for "a pocket" is "skyrocket," and neither "ocket" nor "ocket" would be tolerated. The eyes are "mince pies;" the ear and the nose are, oddly enough, the "frosty and clear" and the "I suppose." How, when and why these particular rhymes were universally adopted will never be known. As Professor Dowden remarks in connection with a very different subject, "To the eyes of no diver amid the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam." Who was "Charlie Prescott," whose name is immortalized as a synonym for "waistcoat?" And why should coat and trousers be concealed under such circumstances as "I'm afloat" and "round the 'ouses?"

Other examples of what I have called the simple form of rhyming slang are "cat and mouse" (house), "elephant's trunk" (drunk), "bull and cow" (row), and "I'm so frisky" (whisky). But if I am asked how "daisies" can be the rhyming slang for "boots" I answer that we have here an example of the second or complex form of the jargon, which finds its highest development in the mouths of experts. Having got your rhyme—say, "skyrocket" for "pocket"—you are permitted, within certain ill-defined limits, to make your slang equivalent shorter and more occult by omitting the rhyming portion. Thus "pocket" becomes "sky" and "daisy roots," the simple or first standard form for "boots," is contracted into "daisies." In the same way no master of the language would ever give brandy or gin their primitive names, "Jack the dandy" or "Brian O'Lynn." The one is always referred to as "Jack," the other as "Brian." It will be seen that words treated in this way must have a tendency, in constant use, to lose sight, as it were, of their original forms and to become merged in the great mass of ordinary slang. For instance, in act 1, scene 1, of "The Cotton King," some one says that somebody has "a streak of black across the chivvy." An Adelphi audience knows, of course, that "chivvy" means "face," but the earlier form of the word, "chevy chase," being now rarely if ever used, the rhyming original is probably known to few playgoers, and the word "chivvy" is thus in danger of being left with no more poetry about it than is attached to such terms as "conk" or "boko," the ordinary slang for nose.

We hear a great deal about the way in which slang has invaded our conversation and our literature; but, in spite of the recent popularization of the coster, I doubt if much rhyming slang is heard in west end drawing rooms. And I have only come across one example of its employment, except occasionally in a music hall song, in what might be called a literary form. There is a poem which begins thus, and readers who have followed me so far will find no difficulty in translating it:

I was sitting one night at the Anna Maria, Warming my plates of meat, When there came a knock at the Bory O'More Which made my raspberry beat.

This opening makes one wish for more, but I am sorry to say that I can only recollect the first stanza.—Pall Mall Budget.

IN MISCHIEF.

His lily limbs all limp and lax, His red face as white as wax, Love lay by the river's brink, The minnows there used to look at him, Till shy sweet Daphne came that way, Kissed him and cried, "Alack a day!" Then he sat upright on the moss. "But it's fun—this playing possum." —Kate Field's Washington.

A NEVADA JOKE.

How a Wag Played It on an Innocent Visiting Sportsman.

Nothing can be more interesting in an ordinary way than the fate of practical jokers. Shooters and sportsmen generally will appreciate the latest from Eureka, Nev. Bent on landing game, a visitor held forth in his hotel with regard to his ability to bring quail to earth. Among the audience was a wag, who, being a sport himself, was desirous of testing the foreigner's ability as a shot.

"We do not shoot quail," said he, "we bag them, and if you want to go out you may do so tonight and see better fun than any gun can furnish."

Accordingly the soi disant gamester journeyed out from a small hotel in Nevada to see the extraordinary plan by which quail could be "bagged" at nighttime. The party walked two miles into the hills and arranged a trap by laying down 30 pieces of candle in V shape. "Into this," they explained, "we drive the quail, and one of us holds a sack at the end of the V, into which the quail run." By a previous arrangement an argument was commenced as to who should have the honor of holding the sack and securing the birds while the remainder did the hard work of beating them toward the trap.

When the point was apparently settled, one of the party said: "No, this is not fair. Mr. de — is our guest, and as such is entitled to hold the sack." Generously enough, to the boasting sportsman was given the honor of holding a bag bound at the mouth to a hoop so as to catch the birds. All the others left to beat up quail. For three hours the visitor faithfully held that sack, and when the last candle burned out he found himself in the midst of a lonely valley, which was full of deserted shafts and other dangerous holes, two miles from any house and surrounded by a darkness which resembles a stack of black cats. When he arrived at this hotel and found that his countrymen had been there enjoying the joke for hours, he simply went to bed and wept. He sold his gun next morning and left for California—a state where, he says, "people would not do such a thing." —San Francisco Call.

Dress of Montenegrin Women.

The dress of the women throughout Montenegro varies but slightly, and as no distinction of rank exists the only difference between the garments of the rich and the poorer classes consists in the superior fineness of the materials used, or in the quantity or quality of the ornaments. Their dress is simply a long flowing white camisia, girdled by a black sash. Black and white are the national colors of the Montenegrins. Some of the women wear a heavy leather girdle set with three or four rows of large carnelian stones, sometimes fastened in front by a massive antique silver clasp. A simple piece of black cloth is an addition worn on the head by the older matrons. Montenegro is everywhere mountainous. As a precaution against invasion there are no roads, and carts are unknown. The goods of the country are carried to Tartary by the women, aided occasionally by mules. They are knit together in clans and families and have many feuds among themselves. The men are armed even when engaged in agricultural operations.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Failures.

"Do not for one instant forget," said a prominent artist, addressing his pupils, "that so called failures are only milestones on the road to success. With each one passed there is just so much of the weary, inevitable journey behind you, and you are just so much nearer the goal." A comfortable theory which it would be well if we were philosophical enough to apply to all our undertakings. If young people, too, could only be taught to count their honest failures as so many premiums paid to experience, how much discouragement would be saved and how many ultimate triumphs won! Parents and teachers do not half appreciate the value of a failure, which with tact and kindness is turned to good account, and which in the end may be far more beneficial than a success. Children should early be trained to consider them not in the light of discouragements, but as the best incentives possible.—New York Tribune.

Curative Cold Bath.

People who have nervous prostration, headaches, the blues or dyspepsia, who take cold easily, who are subject to irritability, who lead sedentary lives, who need their wits about them all the time, and who are not making the progress they desire, should get addicted to the cold bath habit. It is not only cleansing, but curative, stimulating, encouraging and invigorating. It is brain brightening, nerve soothng, blood quickening and the best treatment ever taken for the complexion, digestion and disposition.—New York World.

Kid Killing.

Herod's slaughter of the innocents was not a circumstance to the kid sacrifice offered yearly for the hand of fair woman. In round numbers 9,600,000 kids and lambs are slaughtered to supply the necessary stock for one famous French manufacturer. One skin in good condition yields three gloves, but the average is about 1 1/4, or a pair and a pair of thumbs.—New York News.

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 778,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 "books."

Muskegon, Mich., is one of the world's chief centers for the manufacture of toys.

A NEW CHURCH FAD.

The People of a New York Village Raise Money by Novel Methods.

A new religious fad has been taken up by the church people here. The people of the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches are engaged in a wild scramble for money to swell the treasures of their respective societies, and the fad is to secure this money by practicing unusual occupations, economizing in personal and household expenditures and begging.

Experience meetings are held, and as each person makes his or her contribution they explain how they got the money.

An experience meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal church Friday night. Ten cents admission was charged, and there was a large number of persons present. Music was furnished by a volunteer orchestra, composed of members of the Epworth league, under whose auspices the meeting was held. Howard Wilcox presided.

Dr. C. H. Ganse said that he saved a dollar for the church by not giving his wife bananas, of which she was very fond. Mrs. Harry Maynard charged a man 50 cents for lodging, supper and breakfast and made the rest of the dollar by painting. J. W. Feeter saved a dollar by depriving his wife of popcorn at Ocean Grove. Mrs. Vernon Anderson made dresses for her mother. Mrs. J. W. Feeter washed wagons. Miss Mollie Elmore made a dollar by brushing the clothes of guests at her house. Howard Wilcox saved 60 cents by shaving himself six times.

The economies and employments of Mrs. C. H. Ganse were put in verse by Miss Belle Brinckerhoff and sung by her class. She made a carriage cover for her husband, also a necktie, and he paid her 50 cents for killing two flies.

Mrs. Maggie Elting made her money by writing letters, blacking shoes and doing housework. Miss Maggie Oakley made and sold jelly. Miss Belle Brinckerhoff told fortunes. Miss Grace Adams cleaned her brother's bicycle and copied insurance policies. Miss Susie Gent made and sold pin cushions. Miss Carrie Freer sold peanuts. Miss Tona Reynolds made napkins and sold them to Mr. Fent. Florence Clearwater sold peanuts. Mamie Mundon packed grapes. Misses Alice and Helen Palcer told in song how they churned and sold butter and spring chickens, shaved, cut hair, did housework and worked outdoors—all for the church. Miss Nettie Brynn read a practical effusion, relating how she mended gloves and sold old music.

The meeting closed with the report of A. D. Dent, who made his contribution by paying 10 cents for services worth 5 cents. If the new fad does not die out soon, the whole village will be bankrupt.—Highland (N. Y.) Telegram.

LOOK OUT FOR THE YELLOW DRAGON.

Danger Thought to Lure in the Possibility of China Learning How to Fight.

China has about 400,000,000 of people. They know nothing of war. Educate them in the art, and they will reach out for the world. Speaking of a good authority on this subject, the Spokane Chronicle says:

"John Brisben Walker, editor of The Cosmopolitan, who for a time served in the Chinese army, holds that the powers of the world should try to stop the war between China and Japan. He argues that if this war lasts long enough to convince China that she must modernize her military system it will not be long before the yellow dragon will be the most formidable battle ensign on the earth. All of which coincides with the remark of Napoleon that it would be an evil day when the Chinese learned the art of war."

Child Butchery in Italy.

The following authentic news comes from Italy: A short time ago the musician Carmolo of Catania cruelly butchered not less than 24 children to satiate the ground with their blood, thereby to discover hidden treasure. The fiend was hunted down, but became violently insane and died in a lunatic asylum. The horrible occurrence has just been repeated. During the last few days 20 children had been kidnapped out of the town of Cibali and Santa Sofia and were later on found dead, the bodies having been cut open, in the woods near by. At the same time the parents of the victims received anonymous letters asking them not to take the matter to heart, as by means of the blood of the children a vast treasure would be found, out of which they were to be amply indemnified. So far the perpetrator or perpetrators of the horrible deed remain undiscovered.

Sarcastic Minister.

The new communion system was the subject of a few remarks from the Rev. Robert J. Burdette, who preached Sunday morning at the Temple at Broad and Berks streets. He evidently disapproved of it for he said that church members whose minds were full of microbes and germs were not in touch with the service.

"After the individual chalices have been in use for a time," said Mr. Burdette, "somebody will ask for a napkin, and some angular man with long legs and a poor lap will want a little table, and ultimately the deacons may be compelled to wear little nickel badges, as other waiters do."—Philadelphia Record.

Shocking Until Explained.

An amusing little paragraph is going the rounds regarding a gentleman who recently received an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House. He did not know what costume he ought to appear in, so he sent a note on the sly to the private secretary. Sir Francis Knollys replied that "as no ladies are to be present trowsers may be worn." At first sight this seems embarrassing if not positively shocking. The simple explanation of this dubious message, however, is that, as a rule, knee breeches are worn with evening dress at Marlborough House.—London Quiver.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

Within her heart she keeps a place Wherein is chiseled his pure face As first she knew it long ago, When life and soul were white as snow.

Unmind what the world doth say, Alone she goes her weary way, And he whose path is rough and wild Still to her pure as a child.

—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

RACE TO DEATH.

There is never any lack of beauty in Dublin ballrooms, and that year I cannot help thinking that there was more than the usual proportion of attraction. But of all the girls who compelled devotion there was nobody quite so charming as Mary Macartney. When she was presented at the castle, the lord lieutenant administered his official kiss with peculiar unction and was afterward heard to say that if his duties were always as pleasant he could bear a very frequent repetition of them. The vice regal opinion was very cordially re-echoed by everybody, and wherever Mary went her progress was a scene of triumph. The Two Hundredth was devoted to her to a man. One dance in an evening was a thing to be proud of, and if she deigned to give any fortunate man two he was at once placed upon a pinnacle of social superiority.

Finch and Seymour were her most devoted admirers and had it all their own way in her preference. I won't say affections, for I believe she could only have looked upon them as two editions of the same man, and they were so loyal to each other that they appeared to have the one special tendresse in common with their other properties.

The Two Hundredth was about to have its great function of the year—its regimental steeplechases. All the best of the animals that had gone through the hunting campaign were entered for the various events, and the mess table talk, which for months had run upon scent, find, finish and the casualties of the chase, turned to handicapping, weights and racing conditions.

Finch and Seymour now, as on other occasions, took a foremost place.

Each of them owned horses rather above the average in quality, and each had one entered for the regimental cup. As I said before, both of them were good performers in the pigs skin and it was more than probable that if they started Captain Seymour's Mousetrap (did I tell you that Seymour had just got his troop while Finch was senior subaltern?) and Mr. Finch's Sorcerer would start as equal favorites. The two friends did all their training and galloping together, and I believe that, though each intended to ride his horse out and do his best, they did not much care how they would be placed at the other second.

Of course we expected all our friends to come to our race meeting and made plentiful provision for their entertainment. Given the officers of a cavalry regiment bent on making holiday; add tents, luncheon, band and a fine spring day, and you form a series of attractions which will collect people from far and near, especially in Ireland. When the day of the meeting came, it was all that could be wished. There was a bright sun and a soft wind, and there had been just a sufficient sprinkling of rain overnight to lay the dust and make the drive to the course delightful, while the few light clouds in the horizon were not discouraging enough to prevent our fair friends from putting on their freshest and prettiest toilets. Coach after coach rattled over Carlisle bridge, each with a full load and each with a bit of muslin on the box; brakes, carriages and carts innumerable, the jarvies doing honor to the occasions by volleys of chaff, and many adornments on their light hearted selves and their apparently equally gay and light hearted, well bred nags. The race course was about eight miles from the city in the Howth direction, and if the day were to have no other pleasure than the drive down, with occasional glimpses of the beautiful bay of Dublin, celebrated in song, was enough of enjoyment for any one.

We arrived at the scene of action, and the business of the day commenced. The subalterns' cup was the first event, and, I must say, the boys did credit to the old Two Hundredth. The senior subalterns were lying by for the regimental cup, and the juniors had the race to themselves. It was won by young Molesworth, whose round shoulders and unconquerably ugly seat had caused much conflict of opinion between him and the old riding master, but who now showed that if he were not destined to shine in the menage he had at any rate indisputable nerve and enough seat and hands to take him over a difficult country. He afterward became one of our best men on a horse and won equestrian honors in many ticklish places. Then came an hour's interval for lunch, but of course those who were going to ride had to put the muzzle on. I just looked into the tent before going to weigh and saw Mary Macartney, looking as sweet as ever. Seymour and Finch were both with her, and she was wishing them good luck in their gallop. As they left her safely in the colonel's charge I heard her say: "Now, mind, I expect you two to beat everybody else, and I shall be particularly nice to the one who wins. I may even give him two dances at the castle ball tomorrow night."

The Two Hundredth were pretty businesslike in matters of sport, and there was none of the fuss and delay in the weighing room that too often marks the doings of amateur jockeys. Punctual to time, the starters filed out of the paddock. I think there were eight of us.

Seymour's colors were rose and black cap and Finch's blue and red sash.

Mousetrap and Sorcerer were a long way

the best of the runners to look at.

Mousetrap was a big, bony bay horse,

with rather a slack neck, but the best of shoulders, tremendous jumping power,

and a great turn of speed. He required

a workman to ride him, as his temer-

was easily ruffled, but in Seymour's hands he generally went like a lamb.

Sorcerer was one of those exceptional horses that can take a turn at anything. He had gone through training in the riding school, and on occasions was the best of chargers. He was so good looking that when he had a military kit on there was no horse in the regiment that looked more showy than he did, but the white hairs on his chestnut coat and the silvery locks in his tail showed the blood of old Warlock, and he had a large share of the pace, cleverness and staying power that marked his great ancestor. As we rode down the course I could hear the few booties who were present in the ring reckoning up the chances of the field in stentorian cries of "5 to 1, bar two." I was riding a confidential old hunter which was warranted to stand up over the country, but I had only entered him to make up the race, and unless most of the others came to grief I had not the smallest chance to be heard of at the finish.

There is not much difficulty in starting a steeplechase, and we all got away very well. We negotiated the first

OF REMEMBRANCE.

I do remember every note
And each sweet letter that she wrote
From where, afar the pale, blest Isles
Are lovely for her splendid smiles.
I do remember even the sister
She sent me in a lonely hour.

And sometimes, when my lonely soul
Heareth in dark God's thunder roll,
I wonder—her sweet worshiper—
If God's dark thunder roll over her.
And if they do I know my breast
Would beat several all to give her rest.

But, no; the fragrant orange blossoms
Wat their life's sweet perfume;
And the tall ships, with wind blown sail,
Bring to her songs of nightingales.
Yet, do they still, where'er they be,
Sing to her one last song of love!

—Exchange.

THE WHITE HORSE.

"This canyon ought to have a history, Pablo," I said to the guide as, supper finished, I leaned back on my blankets and dreamily gazed at the scene before us.

It was a summer night—a night in the southwest, where nights are perfect. The moon was at the full, and not a cloud was in the sky to obscure her radiance or the light of the myriad stars which bore her company. The air was cool and bracing, yet balmy, and there was just enough breeze to lull one's spirits and cause him to forget the world and indulge in fanciful reveries such as only southern breezes inspire.

We had pitched our camp on one of the sloping hills on the south side of the canyon, where a little stream of clear, sweet water rippled from a spring in a ravine down into the canyon below. Above us was the sighing, odoriferous forest of juniper and pinon. Below was a little stretch of velvety grass extending clear to the floor of the canyon on both sides of the little stream. Right and left stretched the canyon itself, its walls, precipitous for the most part, rising grandly hundreds of feet high on each side.

"It is beautiful, Pablo," I continued. "It must have a history of some kind or a story—no?"

"Si, señor, that it has—aye, that it has," answered the Mexican, lighting a fresh cigarette and puffing at it reflectively a moment. "Would the señor hear it?"

"By all means, Pablo. Go ahead."

And here is Pablo's story as nearly as I can translate it, for he spoke in Spanish:

"Does the señor see the cliff on the other side, how high it is? That is the cliff of the White Horse. It is many hundred feet high and straight up and down. And at the top when the moon is a little higher the señor will see the white horse. It is a great white rock on the edge of the cliff, and by clear moonlight it looks like a white horse. It has not always been there, and now, they say, on the anniversaries of a certain day the ghost of old Don Fernando comes and rides it along the edge of the canyon.

"Don Fernando? Oh, aye. May the blessed saints have mercy upon him!" ejaculated Pablo, crossing himself.

"Many years ago Don Fernando Cortez—he was a grandson of something of the great Cortez—lived over above the canyon several miles. Don Fernando was rich and lived in a grand house and had many servants and slaves. He was a great entertainer, was Don Fernando, and people used to come many miles—hundreds, thousands, yes—to his grand dinners and balls.

"He was not a good man. No. He was a cruel master and hard with all his people and made them all hate him. He was kind to only two living creatures. One of these was his beautiful daughter, the Lady Ysabel; the other was his great white stallion, the largest and fleetest horse in all the country. These two old don loved his two eyes, and well he might. Yes. The Lady Ysabel was not only beautiful, but she was kind and good, and all the people loved her as much as they hated the don, which was a great deal. She had golden hair and eyes like the sky, and it is said the birds listened when she sang. And the horse—aye, he was wonderful. He was as big as three ordinary horses, and his tread shook the ground. He had a long, white mane and eyes that flashed fire and was almost as much feared as the old don, who alone dared go near him.

"The Lady Ysabel had many suitors. The wealthiest and most aristocratic men in all the country came to sue for her hand, many of them from far-off California, and some, it is said, came even from Spain. But the Lady Ysabel would have none of them. She loved her pony and her dogs and birds and her people, but a man, no. One after another came, but she turned them all away. So after a few years the old don became tired of what he called her foolishness and swore she should marry, and at once, a man whom he had selected for her.

"This grieved the Lady Ysabel very much, for not only did she not love any of those who had offered themselves to her, but her heart was already given to one of her father's peers, a young man named Jose, whom she had helped to nurse through a terrible illness. Him she used to meet by stealth nearly every night unknown to any but themselves. But one night when the Lady Ysabel's wedding day was near at hand she and her lover were seen together, and the story came to the ears of the old don.

"He started to find them, swearing to kill them both, but they had been warned and had taken two of the fleetest horses in the stables and fled. With mad haste the don saddled his white stallion and pursued them. They had taken their way over the hills blindly, but some instinct led the don to follow the direction they had taken, and in a short time he had them in sight riding over the plateau beyond the canyon there.

"When the lovers saw they were pursued, they put their jaded horses to their highest speed, hoping to escape.

but soon they found it was too late, and as the old don, with terrible curses, pressed them closely they leaped to the ground, ran to the edge of the cliff, and clasped in each other's arms sprang into eternity together.

"And the don? For days he raved like a madman and seemed to know no one. Then he became quieter, and they thought he would be himself again. But one moonlight night they missed him, and several set out to seek him. He was riding up and down the edge of the cliff yonder, raving and blaspheming terribly, and none of those who had come to find him dared approach. For hours he raved. Then, just as the moon came from behind a cloud, they saw him ride back from the cliff a little distance. Then he wheeled sharply and shouting, 'Now, my friend, both together!' he rode full speed at the precipice. But at the edge the white stallion halted suddenly, and the don went over alone. In midair he shook his fist and hurled a curse at the friend who had deserted him at the last minute, and then and there the great white stallion turned to stone. There he stands, señor—you can see him plainly now—still looking over the precipice. It is from him that the cliff and the canyon get their name.

"And it is said by the superstitious, señor," continued Pablo, drawing closer to the fire and shuddering slightly "that on the anniversary of old Don Fernando's death and on Lady Ysabel's saint's day the ghosts of Lady Ysabel and Jose ride from the plateau, and that of the old don pursues them riding the white stallion, which leaves its station at such times. And—oh, señor, for the love of God, look!"

Startled, I looked quickly across the canyon. The rock which appeared so very little like a white horse seemed to vanish as though in mist. Then there was a series of blood curdling shrieks and curses, and flying along the edge of the cliff rode three persons on horseback, and one, behind the others, rode a great white horse.

It was only a moment, and then the drunken cowboys passed out of sight, and the tiny flick of vapor which had for those few seconds kept the moonlight from the white horse rock moved on, leaving the rock standing out in the clear light, just as before. Still shivering with the sudden fright I had had, I turned to Pablo. He had fallen in a fit and was lying rigid, with flecks of foam on his lips. I brought him round soon, and he sat up, his eyes staring wildly.

"Well, señor, I? A dream? Then it was not?"

"I think it was the bread, Pablo. You ate a big supper, and that hot sour bread would kill an Indian."

Pablo concluded not to run away, as he might have done if I hadn't been able to convince him it was only a dream.—R. L. Ketchum in Romance.

Possibilities of the Indian.

The Indian has within him the capabilities upon which to base a better manhood and citizenship despite the barbarous instincts attributed to him. With no incentive to work and with encouragement to vice and idleness on every hand there are today upon the reservations many excellent and worthy Indian men and women. Though stolid and sphinxlike in demeanor, the Indian has the feelings and affections common to human beings.

With no educational advantages they are men of remarkable sense, often approaching a high order of ability. One of these was his beautiful daughter, the Lady Ysabel; the other was his great white stallion, the largest and fleetest horse in all the country. These two old don loved his two eyes, and well he might. Yes. The Lady Ysabel was not only beautiful, but she was kind and good, and all the people loved her as much as they hated the don, which was a great deal.

The Indians are fine natural orators and statesmen equalled by few educated white men. Under education they have shown themselves quick and ready learners, competing easily with white pupils of the same age. I have observed them at their studies and am convinced that they are as capable as white children of grasping the ordinary branches taught in the common schools. It has been my pleasure to hear addresses from full blooded Indian college students which would do credit to undergraduate of Yale or Harvard.—Senator Kyle in North American Review.

He Worked the Boss.

A little man with a bald head and an inoffensive blue eye drifted into a Main street saloon and threw a half dollar on the bar.

"Gimme a schooner of beer," he said. The schooner was given him. Just as he was about to drink it a big man came in and said: "Hello, Shorty. Who's buying?"

"I am," replied Shorty, with dignity.

"You," scoffed the big man. "Why, you never had a cent in your life. Your wife gets your wages."

"That's all right," said Shorty. "Mebbe she does, but I've got money today."

"How'd you get it?"

"Well," replied Shorty, "I don't know as I mind tellin'. I had a couple of bad teeth, an she gimme enough to get 'em pulled."

" Didn't you get 'em pulled?"

"Sure, but I worked her for 50 cents for gas, an this is the 50. See?"—Buffalo Express.

A Large Bakery.

Brooklyn can boast of having the largest bread bakery in the world. Seventy thousand loaves are daily turned out, requiring 300 barrels of flour. Three hundred and fifty persons are employed in the bakery, and for delivering the bread in New York and adjacent places over 100 wagons, constructed for the purpose, are in constant use.—New York News.

ENDED IN SMOKE.

How Love's Young Dream Was Broken by Letting the Wrong Man Into a Secret.

At a supper party in Bohemia the other night a funny thing happened. A beautiful maid came, attended by her latest and most devoted cavalier. Now, this beautiful maid is much addicted to that habit which is said to make us think like philosophers—the use of tobacco in its daintiest form, the cigarette. The cavalier is one of those illiberal and uncomfortable young men who hold that all the vices and most of the enjoyments of life are the monopoly of his own sex, and he is particularly bitter in his criticism of women who smoke.

The maid had carefully concealed from him the fact that her ruby lips had ever held a cigarette, but on the occasion of this supper party her desire overcame her discretion, and she arranged with her hostess and various confidants that when the cigarettes were passed they should all urge her to "just try one" to please them. The secret had been confided to the mamma of the girl hostess, but unfortunately the name of the man who as to be thus hoodwinked had not been mentioned. The cavalier in question was seated at the right of the mamma, and that dear lady, finding him a bit difficult in conversation, thought to make it pleasant for him by telling him the whole story, which she did, with little ripples of laughter, adding, "Of course you know the maid is an inveterate smoker."

Meanwhile at the other end of the table the cigarettes were being lighted, and the beautiful maid was protesting that really she "didn't dare," "it would make her sick," etc., and finally, with a conciliatory glance toward the swain, yielding and lighting a Neston, while a light of ineffable satisfaction came into her lovely eyes. The youth became even more difficult to entertain after this, and what happened on the way home no man knoweth, but now they meet as strangers, and so, alas and alack, another of love's young dreams has ended in smoke!—New York Recorder.

ROMANCE OF TWO STATES.

Reunion of a Couple After Thirty Years' Separation.

A story which began over 30 years ago, and which dates back to the late war, has just had a strange sequel in two states—Kentucky and Texas.

When the war opened, Dr. W. H. Richardson of Kentucky left Blandine, in that state, and went to Texas, where he married.

Soon after the wedding he left his bride to join the Confederate Army. In attempting some speculation he was reduced to the ranks, and becoming disaffected left and went to Mexico.

There, in the year 1867, he heard that his wife was dead. But he remained in Mexico until the present year. Then he resolved to return to Kentucky. He arrived in his native country, and while tracing up a land claim found it necessary to write to his wife's relatives in the Lone Star State.

This correspondence had a surprise in store for him. His wife was found to be living. She had waited 12 years and then had taken another husband.

The doctor was single, and, rejoiced to hear that his wife still lived, he wrote to ask if she had lost her love for him. She replied that she still loved him, and that if he said the word she would give the second husband his walking papers.

The doctor was willing, and true to her word the woman told husband No. 2 that he must go.

He acted on her advice, and last week Richardson went to Texas and "was reunited to the wife of his youth" after a separation covering a period of 32 years.

Queer things happen sometimes in this very queer world.—Atlanta Constitution.

How the English Court Mourned.

A supplement to the London Gazette, issued Sept. 11, contained the following:

"Lord Chamberlain's Office.—Orders for the court going into mourning this day for his late royal highness the Comte de Paris, cousin to her majesty, the queen—namely, the ladies to wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers and fans, pearls, diamonds or plain gold or silver ornaments. The gentlemen to wear black court dress, with black swords and buckles, the court to change the mourning on Tuesday, the 18th inst. The ladies to wear black dresses with colored ribbons, flowers, feathers or ornaments or gray or white dresses, with black ribbons, flowers, feathers and ornaments.

The gentlemen to continue the same mourning, and on Friday, the 21st, the court to go out of mourning."

The Prince and His Tailors.

I have seen the Prince of Wales several times, but I could detect very little difference between his attire and that of a well dressed New Yorker except that his garments did not fit as well.

His coats are wrinkled in the back, and they do not set as well as formerly. The fact is that the prince is getting very stout, more and more like Henry VIII every day, and English tailors seem to have talent to fit only tall, lank, sinewy guardsmen. Short, stout persons cannot wear very loose, easy fitting clothes.—Vogue.

Crazed by the Races.

The Rev. F. A. Miller, pastor of the Methodist church at Farley, recently drove over to Cascade to witness the races there. He became so excited that his mind gave way, and he was taken to the residence of Richard Baker, where he is at present. He has a fancy for fast horses and owns several.—Dubuque (Ia.) Dispatch.

The Letter Was Loaded.

A Huntington (Ind.) postoffice clerk stamped a letter the other day which contained an explosive. The thing went off and nearly killed him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SOMETHING IN HIS NECK.

It Was Two Inches of Steel From a Circular Saw, and He Didn't Know It.

On Monday, Aug. 27 last, one of the inserted tooth edger saws at the D. R. Wingate Lumber company's mill got into a bad way, and during the early morning of that day cast several of the half circle springs that hold the teeth in. The men about the edger were on the watch and kept to one side. William Litchfield, head edger at that machine, had just walked up, and while talking of the ugly behavior of that particular saw was knocked down by a lick on his throat just under the angle of the right jawbone, beneath his ear. The gash was not more than half an inch in circumference. The wound bled freely for a few minutes, but by the time he walked 400 yards to the drug store it had ceased to bleed. The cut was a smooth one, and as there was not the least sign of the presence of any foreign substance beneath the skin the patient was dismissed with a simple lotion with which to bathe the wound occasionally.

A few days ago a lump appeared on the skin two inches below the point first injured, and the attending physician lanced it. This seemed to relieve him, but last Saturday he began to realize that there was a hard substance just under the skin immediately over his windpipe, and today he came to Drs. Hedra and Hewson and told them there was something in his neck. They made an incision and found a piece of metal, but being uncertain as to its shape they stopped to ask the patient to describe it. Litchfield told the doctors he could not give them an accurate description, but to just stop the bleeding a minute, and he would go to the mill and get one for them. This was done, and he marched off to the mill, nearly a quarter of a mile, and returned in 20 minutes with a half circle of steel half an inch wide and two inches from point to point, three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness and weighing fully an ounce. The doctors began feeling for the lost spring and finally mapped it out, cut in and brought forth a duplicate to the piece that Litchfield held in his hand.

As soon as the operation was performed and the incision dressed the patient went home and got his dinner, but he was in town this afternoon, looking better and more cheerful than he had at any time since the piece of steel forced its way into his neck.—Orange (Tex.) Cor. Galveston News.

THE DOCTORS PUZZLED.

A New and Troublesome Disease Has Made Its Appearance in London.

The medical profession in London is again puzzled by the peculiar new disease which has broken out at intervals during several months past, principally among the inmates of the London workhouses. For want of a better name they call it Jermatitis exfoliativa. The mortality at first more than 50 per cent, is now comparatively low.

The first symptoms are inflammation of the skin, great irritation following this. The skin peels off in large patches. In some cases there are hemorrhages under the skin. In others large blisters are formed. The origin of the disease is a mystery. The patient usually becomes extremely weak and emaciated. The duration of the illness is variable.

The best authorities think it is contagious, but up to the present, in spite of the fact that the bacillus has been differentiated and microscopically examined, so little is known of the nature of the disorder that the medical profession confesses completely puzzled. The disease is distinctly a new one.

How Emin Pasha Was Murdered.

Dorsey Mohun, the American consular agent, recently arrived in London from the Congo, tells the story of the murder of Emin Pasha as learned by him in an interview with one of the murderers before the latter's execution. Emin had addressed a request to Kibongo, the sultan of Kirundo, for permission to pass through his territory. The request was granted, but the sultan secret orders to Said, one of his vassals, to assassinate the explorer. Said's emissaries found Emin in his tent and notified him that they had orders to kill him. He warned them that his death would be terribly avenged by his white brothers. Heedless of his protestations, the four murderers laid violent hands upon him. One held his head, another his arms, a third his feet, while the fourth dealt the mortal blow. Emin's men, dispersed in the surrounding fields, were unaware of the murder.

Two Little Moons of Mars.

The two moons of Mars, Deimos and Phobos, were observed at the observatory at Flagstaff on Sept. 10. Deimos, the outer one, is the smaller, being, it is estimated, about six miles in diameter, while its companion is slightly larger, some seven miles in diameter, the entire surface of either of them being not more than the area of some great farms in the far west.

The possibility of seeing such small objects so great a distance is a triumph of modern optics, they being observed at a distance of more than 40,000,000 miles. A home comparison would be the seeing of a two inch ball at a distance equal to that between Boston and New York.—Boston Transcript.

Suicide and Insurance.